

POEMS,

CHIEFLY

ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

ac
By MARY M'MORINE,
A SERVANT-MAID.

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P R E F A C E.



THESE effusions of the *unlettered Muse* might be regarded as a *literary curiosity*, were it not that they have a nobler aim,—that of being *useful*. In the former point of view, it might with truth be said,—that the writer's situation in life precluded her from that education, which, in this country, is bestowed on those of her sex in general ;—that though these Poems have been retouched, while passing through the press, it is hard to say, whether they have gained or lost by that circumstance,—whether, from mistakes, in

some ~~part~~ unavoidable, in decyphering the hand of one taught neither to spell nor to write, they may not have lost more in sentiment, than they have gained by their being set right with respect to Orthography, and some few false rhymes.

To the serious and devout Christian, for whose use alone they are intended, it is hoped they will prove acceptable, chiefly from this circumstance, that they are the offspring of the heart, rather than the head,—not prompted by the vain ambition of rising above her humble station,—of being noticed and talked of as an Author,—but that others, in a similar station, who are religiously inclined, may find subjects of meditation, and songs of praise, in a style suited to their capacity, simple, and unadorned with any of those splen-

did figures, which the learned Muse, in her poetic flights, is so apt to affect.

SOME apology may be necessary for that degree of sameness in sentiment and expression, which some may be apt to think pervades the whole. But even this will appear superfluous to those who give themselves leisure to reflect on the circumstances of the case, especially when they are informed, that, by the partial favour of some friends, the Work had been hurried to the press, before any one could read it as a whole,—and that the Poems were decyphered only by degrees, as required for the press. Should a second Edition ever be found necessary, the objection will doubtless be obviated: In the mean time, with all humility on the part of the writer,

they are submitted to the candour
of the Public, with an earnest
prayer to the Father of spirits, that
they may tend to the edification of
the serious and devout.

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P O E M S, &c.

PART I.
RELIGIOUS.

ON
RETURNING
FROM
THE COUNTRY.

I OWN thy wisdom, O my God,
I own thy gracious care ;
I bless thee for thy tender love,
That stoops to answer pray'r.
My stubborn soul would fain be wise,
And dictates oft to thee ;
Th' event full oft my folly proves :
But wisdom dwells with thee.

I at thy providential call,
 Went forth like him of old,
 But, far behind him in his faith,
 I grudg'd to be controul'd.

But now I see thy tender care,
 That order'd well my lot ;
 Thy providence hath me sustain'd,
 I have not been forgot.

My grateful heart shall therefore praise
 And laud thy mighty name ;
 O put a new song in my mouth,
 To praise thee for the same !

O may this instance of thy love
 Hush all my future fear !
 O make me still remember, Lord,
 Thy sympathizing care !

Bless'd be thy name thyself hath fix'd
 The place of my abode ;
 Cast on thy care, what can I lack ?
 My Father is my God !

April 6. 1794.

I'LL bless the Lord, while I have breath,
 Or pow'r to lift my voice,
 Who kindly orders all events,
 And makes me to rejoice.

Another instance of his pow'r
 This day he makes me see ;
 He's disappointed all my fears :
 O praise the Lord with me !

But, ah ! the coldness of my love,
 The deadness of my heart ;
 A carnal mind leads me astray,
 And makes my Lord depart.

O come, and breathe upon my soul,
 Awake my drowfy pow'rs ;
 Vouchsafe me wisdom, O my God,
 T'improve my precious hours.

O may these mercies I possess
 Be by thy grace enjoy'd !

O may thy mind in me appear !
 Fill thou each empty void.

O grant a low and humble heart,
 With high and lofty strains,
 To spread thy precious love abroad,
 As long as life remains !

Thou all my life hast been my guide ;
 Hast brought me safely through,
 Although no plenty I possess'd,
 And friends have been but few.

Though oft with fierce temptation try'd,
 That threaten'd to devour,
 Thou still mad'st way for my relief,
 Did'st my escape secure.

O with a live-coal touch my lips,
 Teach me in songs to rise ;
 O may thy praise my time employ,
 Until I reach the skies !

March 23. 1794.

HOW weary are the tedious hours
 When Jesus disappears !
 How slow the moments move along,
 And months roll on like years !

The Sabbath day, though ever dear,
 Becomes a tedious load,
 When I'm oblig'd to toil alone,
 Deserted of my God.

Though ordinances I enjoy,
 And time to read thy word,
 Yet nothing can thy place supply,
 When thou art absent, Lord.

My soul, that ought to soar aloft,
 And try to lift thy praise,
 O'ercome with sloth, dejected sinks,
 My voice I cannot raise.

While others of thy goodness speak,
 And bless thee for the same,
 My heart, ingrate, would fain repine,
 I cannot join with them.

O come, and shed thy love abroad,
 And hear me from above !
 O let me feel thee present now !
 The mountains all remove !

O may a torrent of thy grace
 O'erflow my barren soul !
 Make haste, thou heav'nly Dove descend,
 And sanctify in whole !

O seek the weary wand'ring sheep,
 Let praise to thee redound !
 May I, though dead, live yet again ;
 Though lost, by thee be found !

Let not my expectation fail
 On this returning day,
 But in thy temple meet my soul,
 O Lord, I humbly pray.

March 30. 1794.

A NOTHER glorious Sabbath-day
 Is come, and almost past ;
 The table has again been spread,
 That hungry souls might taste.

The thirsty have been call'd to drink
 Of wisdom's mingled wine,
 A banquet in the wilderness,
 Prepar'd by skill divine.

Here all is bought without a price,
 Which best befits the poor :
 The rich and proud despise such terms,
 Nor stop at Mercy's door.

The sick may also find a cure,
 They may find present ease ;
 Here's balm enough for ev'ry wound,
 Though desp'rate their disease.

Then why, my soul, should'st thou complain,
 Salvation may be had ?

Ah ! why is not the leper cleans'd ?
 This sadden'd heart made glad ?

Ah ! why do I so often ask,
 Yet still do ask in vain ?

My foes do still increase their strength,
 No vict'ry I obtain.

My roving fancy widely strays,
 And wanders far abroad,
 And trifles vain ingross my thoughts,
 And leave no room for God.

Ah ! must I never hope to find
 That glorious liberty,
 Which all that trust in thee enjoy,
 Nor hope to dwell with thee ?

No ! I will never quit my claim,
 Though languid my desire,
 Vouchsafe thy re-creating pow'r !
 With life my soul inspire.

ON

THE SABBATH-DAY.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 My soul, do thou rejoice,
 And gladly hail the kind return,
 And praise with chearful voice.

The sun his bright meridian beams
 Bestows without reserve ;
 His genial warmth cheers ev'ry plant,
 His beams from damps preserve.

The fierce voracious beasts of prey
 This glorious light eschew ;
 Yes, they in darkness hide their heads,
 Conceal'd from public view.

O would the immaterial Sun
 On my dark soul arise !
 How would the pleasant buds of grace
 Revive beneath his rays !

While at the table sits the King,
 My spikenard sweet would smell,
 And with the sweetest notes of praise,
 My warbling throat would swell.

In this wild forest of my heart
 Fierce beasts of prey abound,
 Which rouse my fears, which break my peace,
 And do me oft confound.

When by this glorious light dispers'd,
 They quickly disappear ;
 Then will the Turtle's charming voice
 Salute my list'ning ear.

DESERTED

UNDER

FIERCE TEMPTATION.

MY God ! and is thy mercy gone ?
 And shall it not return ?

Mutt I in darkness spend my days,
 And still thine absence mourn ?

Like Ephra'm hast thou giv'n me up,
 And left me thus alone ?

Ah ! wilt thou leave my soul a prey,
 An helpless case to moan ?

I thought I once could call thee mine,
 And in thy name rejoice ;

Has not thy presence fill'd my heart ?
 Thy praises tun'd my voice ?

Have I not felt thy pow'r display'd,
 In my deliverance ?

My foes oft rose my soul to spoil,
 But thou wast my defence.

I could rejoice in thine own day,
 And mourn its nimble flight ;

In thine own courts to meet thy saints,
 It was my heart's delight.

My fleece was often water'd there*,
 My graces then did thrive ;
 And Gilead's balm heal'd all my wounds ;
 Thou did'st my soul revive.

The worldling's portion I despis'd,
 As free from ev'ry tie ;
 With little pleas'd, I liv'd in peace,
 Few were more blest'd than I.

My warmest wish was that thy blood
 Might wash away my sin,
 And that the Holy Spirit's fire
 Might purify within.

Ah ! like the luckless spendthrift son,
 I've wander'd from my home ;
 I've spent my all, I'm poor indeed,
 And have myself undone.

My stupid soul is chain'd to earth
 By triple cords of sense ;
 The things of time engross my thoughts ;
 Nor can I call them thence.

I feed on husks from day to day,
 But am not satisfied ;
 Yet still my stubborn foolish heart
 Is swol'n by cursed pride.

My ev'ry faculty's derang'd,
 Like harp that's out of tune ;
 And sink I must, unless thou deign'st
 To hear, and save me soon.

But why art thou cast down, my soul,
 Or in me so dismay'd ?
 The Lord is stronger than my foes,
 Why should'st thou be afraid ?

* Referring to the dew falling on Gideon's fleece, as a sign of the divine favour, Judges, chap. vi.

For time and for eternity,
 By faith in him confide;
 To him make known thy ev'ry want,
 He surely will provide.

A

TIME OF DESERTION.

MY heart's o'erwhelm'd, and quite o'ercome,
 O Lord, send quick relief;
 O calm my ruffled spirit soon,
 Nor let me sink in grief.

May patience have her perfect work,
 O help me to submit!
 Whatever is thy will with me,
 May I consent to it.

Though in a dungeon close confin'd,
 If thou art with me there,
 I would a paradise enjoy,
 And breathe the purest air.

My thirst for means must then be vain,
 For nothing they can give,
 'Tis thou alone can satisfy,
 And troubled souls relieve.

But thou art present even now,
 And see'st each rising sigh;
 O, then, reveal thyself to me,
 And make me feel thee nigh!

O come, and make my heart thy home,
 Make it thine own abode!

O make it glorious all within,
A temple fit for God!

I long to feel thy humble mind*,
And prove the calm repose
Which those enjoy that rest in thee,
In midst of envious foes.

I have no merit, Lord, to boast,
I no demand can make,
But what from mercy I derive,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake.

ON BEING

CONFINED FROM ORDINANCES.

ARISE, O Lord, and save my soul,
O send me present aid,
For my tumultuous heart's perplex'd,
And all my comfort's fled.

My former blessings I've abus'd,
And now they're far remov'd;
But O contend not in thy wrath,
But hear thy WELL-BELOVED †

O for his sake let grace abound,
Shew forth thy pow'r in me:
Did he not for my guilt atone
On the accursed tree?

O Jesus! deign to plead my cause,
And save me by thy pow'r!
O heal the wound that sin hath made,
And gild each gloomy hour.

* A disposition, humble and meek, like that of our Saviour.

† The Mediator.

Ah ! bid my anxious cares subside,
 And quell the boist'rous storm !
 Arise, and from my powerful foes
 Rescue thy feeble worm.

Would'st thou but speak, into mine heart,
 A calm would soon take place,
 Thy presence, Lord, would satisfy,
 And fill my soul with peace.

Ah ! pity, pity, and relieve,
 Nor leave me, thus alone,
 For well thou know'st each anxious thought,
 And hear'st each heavy moan.

Thine eye surveys mine inmost soul,
 Thou know'st each pang I feel ;
 May pity's bowels move thine arm,
 Display thy pow'r, and heal.

I long to bear thy easy yoke,
 And prove the humble mind ;
 A will in all things lost in thine,
 And to my lot resign'd.

O bless me with a single eye,
 Thy glory make my aim ;
 Nor let my zeal like Jehu's prove,
 Proud, selfish, base, and vain.

Since I'm depriv'd of outward means,
 O bless me, here alone ;
 O pity, pity my complaint ;
 If not, I am undone.

O give me arguments to plead,
 And access to thy throne ;
 O order thou thyself my cause,
 For well to thee 'tis known.

Full well thou know'st my restless heart,
 That wanders from its nest ;

O make it now at length return,
And lean upon thy breast.

Ah ! pity, Lord, this rising sigh,
And break this heavy chain ;
May all my comforts, Lord, arise
From future things unseen.

A glorious Sabbath will commence,
That never shall be o'er,
And all prepar'd for such a state,
Shall fall by sin no more.

ON

A SACRAMENT-SABBATH,

June 8. 1794.

THIS morning, Lord, of thine own day,
I'll render praise to thee,
Thou pity'd hast my low estate,
And set my spirit free.

Like him of old, I wander'd far,
And left my father's home ;
I've spent my little all for nought,
And poor indeed become !

My soul was ev'n in prison cast,
Chain'd up in unbelief ;
I wanted strength to move the bar,
And pow'r to ask relief.

Thus, sore perplex'd, from day to day,
 For many months I stray'd,
 Afraid the Lord had cast me off,
 And quite refus'd his aid.

But, O my soul, bless God the Lord,
 For he is gracious still,
 This day he call'd me near his throne,
 And bade me ask my will.

I got an audience of my King,
 I found his presence near,
 A lively hope o'erspread my soul,
 I nothing had to fear.

For time and for eternity,
 I ask'd with fervent strain;
 I felt a firm degree of faith,
 And did not ask in vain.

ON

THE SAME.

I BLESS thee for thy goodness, Lord,
 This day vouchsaf'd to me,
 Which disappointed all my fears,
 And set my spirit free.

Which in temptation kept my soul,
 And heal'd my ev'ry pain;
 And when my heart and spirit sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul again.

The hearts of all are in thy hand;
 For, far beyond my thought,

C

No outward hind'rance has had pow'r :
Thou hast my freedom wrought.

O blefs me with a grateful heart !
And fill my tongue with praise
That thou hast deign'd a look of love,
While wand'ring from thy ways.

I blefs thee for the free access
Thou giv'st me at thy throne ;
O Lord, fulfil each anxious wish,
And make my cause thine own.

I blefs thee for each act of faith
Thou gav'st me in thy pow'r,
And for thy willingness to save
In ev'ry trying hour.

ON JUDGES xvi. 17.

Then my strength will go from me.

I LATE could sing of sov'reign grace,
And mercy free extol,
Which heard in an accepted time,
And freed my fetter'd soul :

Which took me from the miry clay,
And plac'd me on a rock ;
Which put my ev'ry fear to flight,
And kindly to me spoke.

By faith I saw his pow'r and love
Display'd for my relief ;
I could with safety on him rest,
Nor had I cause of grief.

I in my freedom did rejoice,
 And hop'd it would remain,
 But soon, alas ! by sin o'erpow'r'd,
 I am enthrall'd again.

My cruel foes renew'd the fight,
 By subtle sap and mine,
 And, yielding soon, my feeble soul
 From duty did decline.

I'm weak as ever heretofore,
 Of strength completely shorn,
 Thy pow'r alone, almighty God,
 Can save a feeble worm.

Of self-salvation, O my God,
 I ever must despair ;
 Then save me, Lord, and take the praise !
 O be thou ever near !

PERPETUAL CHANGES.

SINCE last I mark'd thy favours, Lord,
 What changes have I seen !
 My poor unstable soul is tofs'd,
 With scarce a truce between.

I'm now set free, rejoice in hope,
 That thus it shall remain,
 I'm then enthrall'd, e'er I'm aware,
 In anxious care and pain.

O stay this fluctuating soul
 With stable strength and pow'r !
 O let thy grace for me appear,
 In ev'ry trying hour.

My soul would fain to Jesus look,
 And firmly claim his aid,
 For well I know who trust in him
 Need never be afraid.

But while I try, my heart slips off,
 And wanders far and wide,
 My stubborn will must have the reins,
 As blinded reason's guide.

But O vouchsafe a tender look,
 And pass transgressions by,
 As once on faithless Peter, cast
 On me thy pitying eye.

That look alone can break my heart,
 And all my sins subdue !
 That look would all my foes affright,
 And dash the hellish crew !

A

PLEASANT FRAME

ON

A SACRAMENT-SABBATH.

O HAD I but a grateful heart !
 O had I but an angel's tongue !
 O would'st thou, Lord, these gifts impart !
 I'd praise thee with a lofty song,
 Thou disappointed'st all my fears,
 And did'st thyself to me reveal,
 Thou did'st my captive soul relieve,
 In spite of all the pow'rs of hell !

O pause, my soul, a while, and think
 Of thy returns for favours past !
 And wonder why he has not made
 Each misimproved gift the last.

And can'st thou yet, O Lord, forgive,
 Ev'n after all that I have done,
 Who thus abuse thy boundless grace,
 And slight the merits of thy Son.

But with the pardon give me pow'r
 To stand, nor let me daily fall,
 And thus resolve and re-resolve,
 Till summon'd by that awful call.

Thou know'st I fear lest time to come
 Prove me as vain as time that's past ;
 My heart already sinks to earth,
 O raise it up, and keep it fast !

O give me pow'r, almighty God,
 To give up all that's dear to me !
 And trust thou wilt my comforts keep !
 O let me only live to thee !

Come, O my elder Brother, come,
 My kinsman dear, my flesh and bone !
 O be not to my soul so strange,
 But fix in me thy lasting home !

O let me not again give way,
 I almost tremble at the thought ;
 Thy pow'r alone can keep my soul,
 Who hast so oft deliv'rance wrought.

Whatever is thy will to give,
 Let me with gratitude embrace,
 And Hannah-like, give chearful back,
 And O receive the sacrifice !

But what thou pleasest to with-hold,

O make me willing to resign !

My peace is rectitude of soul,

And losing all my will in thine !

O plant in me the humble mind,

And stamp thine image on my heart !

Establiſh thou my wav'ring ſoul,

Nor let me from thy paths depart.

Then ſhall my feeble tongue thee praiſe,

Then will I to thy glory live ;

Then ſhall my happy ſoul rejoice,

And thou ſhalt honour then receive.

Then will I tell to all around,

What thou haſt done for wretched me,

How thou redeem'dſt my ſoul from death,

And ſett'ſt the lawful captive free.

ON HOSEA viii. II.

Ephraim is a ſilly dove without heart, &c.

WAS Ephraim of old compar'd

Unto a ſilly feeble dove,

That wanted pow'r to ſtand his guard,

Tho' woo'd and aw'd by tender love.

The ſame addreſs is due to me,

If ever it was due to one ;

I oft have ſeen in him my caſe,

For courage I have ſurely none.

I oft repent of what is paſt,

And think I hate the baſe deceit ;

But soon as Satan spreads his wiles,
I'm fetter'd in his subtle net.

I thoughtless see the pleasing bait,
And heedless of the hook within ;
I eager grasp, and swallow down,
The deadly draught of wilful sin.

My thoughts at random I let rove,
That fruitful source of all my pain ;
Then all my resolution fails,
I cannot break them in again.

O were my restless fancy still !
O could I but vain thoughts repress !
With calm serenity of soul,
O would the Lord be pleas'd to bless !

I think I then would live at ease,
And calmly trusting in the Lord ;
This promise seen by faith would please,
As I perus'd his sacred word.

ON

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

I'VE lost a day, the prince exclaim'd,
Ah ! had he lost but only one ;
How is my slothful spirit sham'd
By great Vespasian's royal son.

Though Jacob's God he did not know,
Nor yet his law that bars from sin,
Yet seems a strict regard to show
To his vicegerent fix'd within.

But I with trifles ever teas'd
 Let day to day slip thoughtless by :
 O would the Lord his pow'r but show !
 To him alone for help I cry.

Mercies thus wasted, unimprov'd,
 Must surely prove a curse at last ;
 O let not judgements, Lord, take place,
 Nor, as thou may'st, my comforts blast.

But O let mercy still be shown,
 Nor let, O Lord, thine anger rise ;
 O do not look on me alone,
 But see me in the sacrifice.

Forgive the past, I humbly plead,
 And give me pow'r for time to come ;
 O let not Satan still prevail,
 But call my roving fancy home.

O disappoint my ev'ry fear,
 And ev'ry malady expel,
 O give me faith to overcome,
 Ah ! in that grace let me excel.

'Tis faith the world can overcome,
 And ev'ry deadly foe subdue ;
 'Tis faith that lights the flame divine,
 Of hea'nly love, sincere and true.

By faith I'd soon a conqu'ror prove
 O'er all the evils I endure ;
 Were I possess'd of living faith,
 I soon would find a lasting cure.

O were I but of faith possess'd,
 My love would fly on heav'nly wings,
 Nor would it find, to stop its course,
 An object in terrestrial things.

I then would bid the mountains move,
 These mountains high that intervene,

I'd bid each idol stand aloof,
 Nor dare disturb my peace serene.
 I'd speak with an unstamm'ring tongue,
 And claim my kindred with the skies ;
 My soul, set free from low desires,
 Would then with heav'nly ardour rise.
 Ah ! bless'd and happy, happy state !
 While thus I write, I something feel,
 But, far below the glorious theme,
 O Lord, the pow'r of faith reveal.
 I feel myself again below,
 Expos'd to Satan's rage and scorn ;
 I fear a new temptation near ;
 But unto thee, O Lord, I turn.

ON JOSHUA iv. 25.

And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us.

WHEN Israel went forth to fight,
 They fled before the foe,
 An Achan in the camp remain'd,
 That prov'd their overthrow.
 I feel myself in such a case,
 And forc'd to quit the field ;
 My foes again renew their strength,
 And I am forc'd to yield.
 An Achan harbour'd in my heart,
 The Holy Spirit grieves,
 Which forces off to take his flight :
 Thus sin my soul deceives.

O God of love ! with pity look
 Upon my helpless case,
 The tempter hunteth after me ;
 Support me by thy grace.

Thou know'st what cause I have to fear,
 A trying time at hand ;
 O put my ev'ry foe to flight !
 By grace make me to stand.

Why is it, Lord, that I for nought
 Thus sell my peace serene ?
 Must ev'ry vice have some reward,
 Since mine has only pain ?

O heal my soul, and set it free,
 Nor let me always mourn,
 Enlarge my heart, O Lord, and then
 I'll praise thee in return.

Thine all-pervading eye surveys
 My poor dejected soul,
 Although no real cause I have ;
 O make my spirit whole !

But, O my soul, how dar'st thou grieve ?
 The Lord is doubly kind,
 Who even gratifies thy wish,
 And satisfies thy mind.

But only patient wait his time,
 Thou hast no cause to fear,
 According to thy faith it shall,
 However strange, appear.

Although the vision tarry, wait,
 Faith makes no rapid haste,
 The Lord knows best the proper time ;
 Upon his wisdom rest.

To all thy num'rous craving wants
 He lends a patient ear ;

Thy ev'ry member safe he keeps,
And numbers ev'ry hair.

Think on the flow'rs that grace thy walk,
And charm thy wond'ring eye,
They neither care, nor toil, nor spin,
Yet who with them can vie !

It is thy father's bounteous hand
That cloaths the flow'ry tribe ;
Attentive to the fading grass,
Won't he for thee provide ?

Yes, sure, he will, upon him rest,
His promise stands engag'd,
He'll perfect what concerneth thee,
From youth to hoary age.

ON

GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES.

THY mercies, Lord, are ever new,
I'll therefore magnify thy name,
From day to day I prove thee kind,
From year to year thou'rt still the same.

Though oft my peevish heart complains,
And murmurs at thy chast'ning rod,
And boldly dictates ev'n to thee,
Though of infinite wisdom God.

Yet when I cast my eyes within,
And see such hellish legions there,
I quickly am oblig'd to own
Thy mercy that still deigns to spare.

I bleſs thee for the preſent calm
 I feel from ev'ry carking care ;
 O help me ſtill to look to thee,
 And leave each heavy burden there.

O diſappoint my ev'ry fear,
 That often on my peace break in !
 O let me ſtill remember, Lord,
 I nothing have to fear but ſin.

For all I want, or all I wiſh,
 Make me alone on thee confide,
 And, O ! in ev'ry trying caſe,
 Be thou, O Lord, my faithful guide.

Let me not be by nature led,
 Nor, Lord, deceiv'd by paſſion blind ;
 But O direct my ev'ry choice,
 And I to thee the praiſe will ſend.

Come, O my God, and claim thy right,
 And challenge my devoted ſoul !
 Thy covenant again renew,
 And be to me my all in all.

I other lords have entertain'd,
 And oft have broke my ſacred vow,
 And even ſtill my ſtrolling heart
 Is wand'ring after trifles low.

But O diſplay thy glorious pow'r,
 And ſhed abroad thy love in me !
 Transported with the glorious fight,
 I'll quickly riſe, and follow thee.

A

TIME OF SORE TRIAL.

AH! why, my soul, art thou cast down?
 What is the cause of all thy pain?
 Ought'st thou not rather to rejoice,
 And turn unto thy rest again?

Did not the Lord with pow'r appear?
 Thou saw'st, and own'd'st his gracious care;
 He kept thy mind in perfect peace,
 Did'st thou not find him present there?

Why should thy care of others thus,
 From day to day, thy peace destroy?
 If they despise, be thou the more
 Intent the blessing to enjoy.

O let not needless carking cares
 With water always mix thy wine!
 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
 And centre in thy Friend divine.

In patient hope thy soul possess,
 In quiet rest thy strength shall be;
 With confidence trust in the Lord,
 Who always hath supported thee.

'Tis he alone can make anew,
 Or change the flinty heart of stone;
 Then wait, O wait, by faith and pray'r,
 And leave the work to him alone.

Why art thou thus from day to day
 O'erwhelmed still with care and pain?
 Was this,—this glorious gospel-feast,
 Prepared thus for thee in vain?

D

This is the day the Lord hath made,
 The day my Lord and Saviour rose !
 The cruel bands of death he broke,
 And triumph'd o'er his vanquish'd foes.

This day thy mortal eyes have seen
 The solemn symbols of his love,
 Who died, and rose, peace to procure ;
 He pleads thy cause for thee above.

Then let the gates be lifted up,
 The bolted doors wide open throw ;
 Come in, thou mighty Prince of Peace,
 And dispossess thy ev'ry foe.

Thou know'st I'm helpless, weak, and poor,
 Nor strength nor wisdom, Lord, have I ;
 Well dost thou know the way I take ;
 To thee alone I still do cry.

An elect precious corner-stone
 Thou hast for us in Zion laid,
 That weary souls may rest upon,
 And ne'er have cause to be afraid.

Built on this sure foundation, Lord,
 I'd ev'ry fierce attack repel ;
 Built on this rock, I would defy
 The hostile pow'rs of earth and hell.

The Rock's inhabitants shall sing,
 Though all the earth besides should mourn ;
 They may be for a time cast down,
 But joy to them shall soon return.

Who knows thy name, will in it trust ;
 Reveal it also, Lord, to me,
 For I'm in tempest tofs'd, my soul's
 Greatly disquieted in me.

'Tis now a time of trouble, Lord,
 I therefore earnest call on thee ;
 According to thy promise, haste
 To help and strongly succour me.

O grant me Jacob's wrestling faith,
 That still may strive, nor let thee go,
 Till on my sad and troubled soul
 A heav'nly blessing thou bestow.

Bless me, ev'n me, my Father dear,
 That thus I may not still complain,
 For oft thou hast declar'd, that none
 Shall ever seek thy face in vain.

ON

CONVICTION

UNDER

PAST MISCONDUCT.

I OWN thy righteous judgements, Lord,
 In dealing thus with me,
 I'll try to magnify thy grace,
 And render praise to thee.

Should'st thou ev'n take my soul away,
 Both living, and in wrath,
 I nothing have to plead;—why not?
 I've swerv'd from wisdom's path.

That I am left to strive alone,
 How can I once complain!
 Since deaf to all thy gracious calls,
 I chose the way that's vain.

I'm by thy word of truth condemn'd,
 My conscience says the same;
 If mercy yet remains for me,
 'Tis in my Saviour's name.

But though my birthright I have sold,
 As nought in my esteem,
 Still Jesus did without a price
 Such guilty souls redeem.

O set the lawful captive free!
 Thou cam'st to save the lost,
 Thou hast for rebels gifts obtain'd,
 In thee I fain would trust.

Forgive, O Lord, my sin that's past,
 And purify my heart;
 And in thy all-atoning blood,
 O give my soul a part.

Ah! in thy joy make me rejoice,
 And heal my broken bones;
 Does not thy Holy Spirit breathe,
 In these unutter'd groans?

Ah! hear and answer for thyself,
 And make thy truth appear;
 Ah! give me supplicating grace,
 And lend the hearing ear.

ON

THE SAME.

COME, O convincing Spirit, come,
 Lord, make the north-wind freely blow,
 Soften, O Lord, this hard'ned heart,
 And make the contrite waters flow.

A barren tree, I must confess,
 I've cumber'd long the sacred ground,
 Water'd with all the means of grace;
 But, ah! what fruit on me is found?

For once again, Lord, smite the rock,
 And make the briny torrent flow,
 Till of thy favour well assur'd,
 Ah! let me pleasure never know.

For what have I to do with peace,
 If thou, O Lord, upon me frown?
 But turn, O Lord, and mercy have,
 And lay the vengeful weapon down.

Allure me in the wilderness,
 Cause me again to thee return;
 My heart this moment pants for thee,
 For thee alone my soul doth mourn.

I fain would leave all earthly toys,
 And cleave to thee, O Lord, alone,
 But, ah! this base deceitful heart
 Abounds with mischief, deep, unknown.

Speak kindly to my soul, O Lord,
 And free me from all needless care;
 And O betroth me to thyself,
 In righteousness and mercy dear!

I fain would Abba, Father, cry,
And claim thee for my cov'nant God ;
Thy Spirit's seal, O Lord, apply,
And cleanse me in thy purest blood.

This is thy will concerning me,
That I be glorious all within ;
O sanctify my filthy soul !
O make me now to cease from sin !

O Lord, create me all anew,
And circumcise this wicked heart,
Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
Nor let me from thy law depart.

Thou say'st, " Stout-hearted sinners, come,
And all my great salvation see ;"
Ah ! draw me, or I cannot run,
Display thy pow'r and work in me.

I have no pow'r, revive me, faint,
Give strength according to thy word,
Make me mount up on eagles' wings,
Unweary'd in the heav'nly road.

O make the parched land a pool,
The thirsty land a cooling spring ;
Make grass appear where dragons lay,
And make the barren desert sing.

Cause me, ev'n me, in thee rejoice,
And praise thee for my cov'nant God ;
Thy precious gifts to me apply,
I claim an int'rest in thy blood.

Ev'n now thou know'st temptation's near,
Give help according to thy word ;
If thou stand'st by I need not fear,
Thou art of all salvation God.

ON

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

FOR ever is thy mercy gone ?
Wilt thou, O Lord, be kind no more ?
Ah ! is the harvest ended quite,

The pleasant summer wholly o'er ?

And is my day of mercy past ?

O must my soul unfav'd remain,

And never thy salvation prove,

But sin for ever in me reign ?

Must jarring passions always war,

And thus distract my feeble soul ?

Ah ! Lord, would'st thou but speak the word,

Thou soon would'st Satan's pow'r controul.

Must I ne'er hope to find the rest

Prepar'd for all that love thy name ?

Must I ne'er join the heav'nly choir,

That sing of Moses and the Lamb ?

Yes, still I'll hope ; for dark despair

Would land me in eternal woe ;

Thou cam'st not, Jesus, to condemn,

But that the world thy love might know.

Thou cam'st the pris'ner to release,

And set the lawful captive free ;

Guilt only justifies thy death ;

The righteous have no need of thee.

I wander still in error's path,

But it is thine to save the lost ;

I'm dead in sin, but thou art life ;

Revive my soul that cleaves to dust.

I'm blind, O Lord, anoint mine eyes ;
 I'm naked, thou my cov'ring be ;
 O let thy right'ousness o'erspread,
 And from stern justice shelter me !

I'm poor, O Lord, but make me rich
 With gold that in the fire is try'd ;
 I'm ignorant, O do me teach,
 Thy Spirit be my friendly guide.

I'm deaf, O Lord, to thy commands,
 O give me, Lord, the hearing ear ;
 Ah ! give the heart to understand,
 And bless me with a filial fear.

I will believe, and in thee hope,
 That I shall yet salvation see ;
 I know 'tis good to wait on God,
 I'll therefore try to trust in thee.

If I turn back, I'm sure of death,
 The conquest's only gain'd through thee ;
 A mighty host invades my soul,
 Display thy banner, Lord, for me.

They often like a flood come in ;
 Ah ! let thy standard lifted be ;
 Ah ! let thy promise be fulfill'd ;
 My longing eyes are fix'd on thee.

I know 'tis vain to look for aid
 From any other arm but thine ;
 Then be, O Lord, my shield and shade,
 And perfect thou thy strength in mine.

ON

REJOICING IN HOPE.

BROUGHT safely through another week,
 I'll bless the Lord's most holy name,
 I'll try to magnify thy grace,
 And mercy shall be all my theme.

But, ah ! how fruitless the attempt,
 Unless the Lord afford his aid ;
 O bless me with a grateful heart,
 And praises shall by me be paid.

I bless thee for abundant health,
 And for my pleasant safe retreat,
 Where jarring noise has no access,
 Where free I can thy praise repeat.

With all things needful thou supply'st
 This fading perishable frame,
 O could I render proper thanks,
 And make thy glory all my aim.

With cloathing richly thou provid'st,
 And mak'st this fading flesh thy care ;
 Nay more, in kindness thou art pleas'd
 To answer my poor lifeless pray'r.

O grant me supplicating grace,
 Once more, I humbly thee implore !
 Ah ! give me, Lord, a grateful heart,
 And then I'll praise thee more and more.

Things greater far than these display'd,
 O may I in thy mercy see !
 Ev'n may thy full salvation, Lord,
 Appear in those held dear to me.

Let not convictions, Lord, be lost,
 But may they in conversion end,
 Sin's evil let them clearer see,
 And lead them to the sinner's Friend.

Ah ! keep them, Lord, from youthful snares,
 That wage such wars against the soul ;
 Appear on their behalf, O Lord,
 And Satan's pow'r in them controul.

Help me to leave them in thy hand,
 Ah ! make them thy peculiar care,
 May they still walk as in thy sight,
 And see thee present ev'ry where.

Although in body absent now,
 Oft may we meet before thy throne,
 There to unbosom all our care,
 And lay each heavy burden down.

There may we always render praise
 For ev'ry blessing we enjoy,
 Till we appear before thy face,
 When ceaseless praise shall all employ.

Ev'n now I have just cause of praise,
 For calm serenity and peace ;
 O keep my mind still stay'd on thee,
 And let thy praises never cease.

August 31. 1794.

ON

WAITING FOR DIRECTION.

I STILL will praise, for 'tis my right
 To praise the Lord most high,
 His mercy to me never ends,
 His name I'll magnify.

A mind, compos'd, calm, and serene,
 Still resting in thy will,
 That looks to thee, and waits till thou
 Thy counsels all fulfil.

My soul for some time past hath been
 In such a frame as this ;
 This frame thou only could'st bestow,
 Thy name I'll therefore bless.

For nothing careful I have been,
 Though in the midst of care,
 My only hope is fix'd on thee,
 Ah ! hear my feeble pray'r.

Direct me in my ev'ry choice,
 Nor let me miss my way,
 Thy glory only make my aim,
 O Lord, I humbly pray.

Where I can live most free from sin,
 Or glorify my God,
 Where I can best my neighbour serve,
 There fix thou my abode.

The time thou know'st, O Lord, is near,
 That must the case decide ;
 The act of choice thou know'st is mine,
 But O be thou my guide !

AN

EARTHL Y M I N D.

A M I N D to wander prone I feel,
 My motive's insincere,
 The things of time have too much room,
 In my most fervent pray'r.

Could I but first the kingdom seek
 That's far beyond the sky,
 I well might trust with all things else
 Thou would'st my wants supply.

My spirit's flutter'd, O send peace,
 O Lord, I thee implore,
 I cannot praise thee in this frame,
 Nor count thy favours o'er.

O Lord, bestow a grateful heart,
 And cause my lips to sing !
 O for a heart to render thanks ;
 Praise is a pleasant thing.

But sin indulg'd my music spoils,
 My voice puts out of tune,
 And ah ! too oft my silent harp's
 On mournful willow hung.

Then jarring passions break my peace,
 And vex my feeble soul ;
 Arise, O Lord, dispel the gloom,
 And Satan's pow'r controul.

ON
THE POWER
OF
OMNIPOTENCE.

I'LL bless the Lord, who in my straits
Doth still deliv'rance bring,
For praise is pleasant, and to praise
Is a most comely thing.

I'll praise the Lord that causeth me
As in past days to sing,
I feel my faith in thee increase,
Ah ! could I glory bring.

I'll bless thee for the cheering view
Thou gav'st me by thy word,
Wherein I saw thy tender care,
The true and faithful Lord.

I can this moment freely praise
For mercies yet to come ;
Ah ! with the gift the blessing send,
Else I am quite undone.

Thou know'st this night I have no wish
On creatures to rely,
'Tis only on thy faithful word
I fix my stedfast eye.

Though oft my unbelief suggests,
Can these things really be ?
Yet on thy true and faithful word,
I'm settled stedfastly.

"As is thy faith, so shall it be,"

He said that cannot lie,

"In trouble call on me, and thou

My name shalt glorify."

A word of promise far more sure

I have to rest upon,

Than any creature could impart,

That breathes below the sun.

Ev'n though my frame should shift and change,

As I suspect it will,

To-day as yesterday the same,

Thou wilt support me still.

These tow'ring Alps shall fall before

My Zerubbabel strong,

Nor shall these dogs of Egypt dare

To move 'gainst me their tongue.

But how or when these things shall be,

I wish not to inquire,

To wait my God's appointed time,

Is all my heart's desire.

His ways are in the whirlwind great,

He rides upon the storm,

And when I least expect, he can

His purposes perform.

September 21. 1794.

ON
THE SAME.

WHAT am I, or my father's house?
Well may my soul inquire,
That thus the Lord should deign to grant
All that I can desire.

He all my wants supply'd, though I
Had neither house nor home,
Nay, he has for his servant spoke,
For many days to come.

The song of Hannah I'll adopt,
And take it for my own,
And, with Deborah, I'll rejoice,
O'er armies overthrown.

With Mary, too, I will be glad,
And of thy mercy sing,
That saw thine handmaid's low estate,
And did deliv'rance bring.

For peace serene I'll render thanks,
And praise the Lord most high;
The world can neither give nor take
The peace I now enjoy.

With Moses, too, I'll join, and say,
Who is like to the Lord?
For all things into being come,
If he but speak the word.

The Lord doth reign, I will him praise,
While endless ages roll;
Let all things breathing praise the Lord.
Him praise, O thou my soul.

September 24. 1794.

ON GENESIS xxxii. 26.

THY praises, Lord, that fill my tongue,
Are justly due from me,
For well I know I have good cause
To render praise to thee.

Faith in thy word I will retain,
That thou wilt all fulfil;
Let not thy mercies, Lord, pervert,
But sanctify my soul.

Let me not sin as grace abounds;
This bitter root destroy;
Forgive my sin, and, Lord, restore
Me thy salvation's joy.

Ope, Lord, my eyes, and let me see,
And all my blessings know,
I long, O Lord, to prove the sweets
From gratitude which flow.

But sin embitters all my sweets,
My roving fancy wild
O'ercomes me still; O Lord, release
Thy stubborn perverse child.

Bruise Satan shortly under me,
O Lord, cut short his pow'r;
Deliver, Lord, or else he will
My feeble soul devour.

Lift up thy countenance, O Lord,
And on me deign to shine;
Ah! fill my heart with joyful praise,
And lose my will in thine.

ON PSALM xxxviii. 19.

But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong.

A HEART deceitful, Lord, I feel,
And desp'rately impure,
It is above conception vain,
When kept by Satan's pow'r.

This strong man arm'd, O Lord, cast out,
The lawful captive free,
Unable with this host to match,
My hope is fix'd on thee.

Ah! pity my unstable soul,
Thou know'st my changing frame,
This day I could in thee rejoice,
But night brings care and pain.

This is mine own infirmity,
My trouble is my sin;
Arise, O Lord, and save my soul,
O bring salvation in!

To thee I only can complain,
With hope to find redress;
Ah! dissipate this sullen gloom,
And fill my soul with peace.

Ah! would the Good Samaritan
This moment now pass by,
And dart a look of tender love
From his all-gracious eye.

Ah! where is Gilead's healing balm?
To free me from despair;
Ah! is there not a tender friend,
A good Physician there?

Why is not then my sin-sick soul
 Recover'd instantly,
 Since ev'ry patient finds relief,
 That doth to him apply?

OE. 4. 1794.

ON JOHN XX. 16.

WHEN Mary, in her deep distress,
 With weeping sought her risen Lord,
 He instantly himself drew near,
 And cheer'd her with his loving word.

"But touch me not," the Saviour said,
 "Till to my Father I return,
 "Straight go to my desponding friends,
 "And bid them now no longer mourn."

And did there in thy loving heart
 Such tenderness and pity reign?
 And does thy nature never change,
 But blissful mercy still retain?

And did'st thou in thy flesh endure
 Temptations similar to mine?
 Thy pity, then, I'll surely prove;
 Ah! keep me by thy pow'r divine.

Remember, Lord, that I am dust,
 Thou know'st my weak and feeble frame;
 Deliver, Lord, my tempted soul,
 And I will glorify thy name.

Ah! let not unbelief prevail,
 But on thy promise make me rest,

Nor let me yield to discontent,
 But calm the tumult in my breast.
 Help me to wait in patient hope,
 And trust thy all-prevailing pow'r ;
 Whatever is thy will shall be,
 Nor can it pass its proper hour.

ON PSALM lxiii. ii.

I LONG to praise thee, O my God,
 And laud thy mighty name,
 But, ah ! o'erwhelm'd my spirit sinks,
 Oh ! breathe the glowing flame.

From depth of sin and trouble, Lord,
 I on thy name will call ;
 O send a peaceful answer down,
 Then praise thy name I shall.

My soul of late hath truly been
 As in rich pastures fed,
 For which I'll bless thy holy name,
 Though trickling tears I shed.

For fierce temptations vex my soul,
 And press my spirit down ;
 O bid my soul arise, and shine
 With splendour all thine own.

O with thy great salvation, Lord,
 My spirit beautify !
 Ah ! with a meek and lowly mind
 Enrich me inwardly.

O send thy word, and heal my soul !
 O rectify my will !
 Bid ev'ry jarring passion cease,
 And ev'ry storm be still.

Though gloomy darkness close me round,
 No way t^o escape I see ;
 Yet on thy word make me depend,
 Thou'lt promis'd help to me.

ON JOB XXIX. 2.

O that it were with me as in months past, &c.

AH ! could my soul ev'n now rejoice
 As in the months now past,
 When, with a lowly steady faith,
 I grasp'd the promise fast.

How firm my mountain then appear'd,
 My confidence was strong,
 And praise in easy numbers then
 Flow'd from my grateful tongue.

No doubt to dash my hope appear'd,
 No cloud to veil my sky,
 On my own God's almighty pow'r
 I fix'd my stedfast eye.

My soul was fed from day to day,
 As in rich pastures green ;
 And in the course of ev'ry hour,
 My Shepherd's care was seen.

But now my joys have ta'en their flight ;
 And baneful unbelief
 Does vex me sore, and sinks my soul
 In gloomy scenes of grief.

The Lord his presence now denies,
 My cry he will not hear,
 But leaves my poor dejected soul,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear.

O that I knew the sacred place
 Of thy belov'd retreat,
 I'd tell thee all my heavy plaint,
 And throw me at thy feet.

'Tis sin has caus'd thee hide thyself,
 And made thee disappear,
 For when thou call'dst I answer'd not,
 Thy voice I would not hear.

Nor even yet my foolish heart
 Can vanity despise,
 My thoughts are lighter than the chaff
 Before the wind that flies.

'Tis Happiness I still pursue ;
 But, in this giddy round,
 I miss my aim, for on this globe
 She's no where to be found.

O could I with the Holy Greeks
 The lovely Jesus see,
 That sight would soon restore my soul,
 And set the captive free.

That sight would break this heart of stone,
 And bow this stubborn will,
 My eyes on Jesus fix'd, my soul
 Would rest serene and still.

Could I by faith but Jesus see,
 All earthly joys would die ;
 That sight would crush these cruel hosts,
 And make my foes to fly.

That fight would all my sin subdue,
 Then I'd be bless'd indeed ;
 This heart no more would throb in vain,
 No more with sorrow bleed.
 No more would ought below the sun
 My foolish heart enslave ;
 Could I by faith to Jesus look,
 He would me shield and save,
 He soon would heal these pangs I feel,
 And bid this storm subside ;
 He would his healing balm apply,
 To glory would me guide.

ON

DEEP DEJECTION.

MY heart's, O Lord, with sin oppress'd,
 My soul draws near the grave,
 O for thy mercy's sake arise,
 And shew thy pow'r to save !
 A willing slave in Satan's chains,
 From day to day I lie ;
 Should death arrive, and seize me thus,
 What cheering hope have I ?
 In vain my friends to me speak peace,
 Alas ! they little know,
 Their charity will not avail,
 Nor ward the dreadful blow.
 From day to day I still go on,
 And grieve the Lord afresh,

Like those that in the sp'rit begin,
And finish in the flesh.

Apostacy is oft in view,
I fear to fall away ;
For Jesus' sake, O Lord, look down,
And make my soul thy prey.

I oft have giv'n myself to thee,
Ah ! take me at my word,
I fain would to thy temple look,
And claim thee for my Lord.

Yes, I am thine, for thou me form'dst,
And still preserv'st me too,
And from my very birth, O Lord,
Hast brought me safely through.

ON ROMANS viii. 1.

*There is therefore now no condemnation to them that
are in Christ Jesus.*

NO condemnation is to them
That in the Lord are found,
He views them with a parent's eye,
Grace does to them abound.

They leave the crowded ways of sin,
And, as the Spirit leads,
They glorify the God they serve,
Both in their words and deeds.

The law of God is in their heart,
For they delight therein ;
His name as Jesus is reveal'd,
He saves them from their sin.

Though Satan tempt, he can't prevail,
 For faithful is the Lord,
 Who still makes way for their escape,
 According to his word.

O bless'd and happy, happy state !
 O could I claim it mine !
 But still my soul's by sin o'ercome,
 Its snares do me entwine.

ON PSALMS xxxvii. 33.

THOUGH hand in hand should join in league,
 The wicked shall be cast ;
 Remember this, my soul, lest thou
 Repent in vain at last.

In many troubles, thou, O Lord,
 Hast been my shield and stay,
 And by thy gracious clemency,
 I live to see this day.

Through many a fierce temptation, thou
 Hast safely led me on,
 But still to evil I'm inclin'd,
 To disobedience prone.

It is no flagrant outward crime
 I have now to bewail,
 Nor secret act of any kind,
 Although in all I fail.

But 'tis an iron stubborn will,
 That breeds me all my pain,
 A roving fancy, uncontroul'd ;
 This evil, Lord, restrain.

Me rescue from this baneful snare,
 O Lord, I humbly pray ;
 Could I but follow Jacob's plan,
 Thou would'st not say me nay.

Ah ! grant me, Lord, his wrestling faith,
 Let not thy promise fail,
 Nor let my ardour e'er abate,
 Till pow'rful I prevail.

Remember, Lord, thy word to me,
 On which thou'st caus'd me hope,
 Which did my fainting courage cheer,
 And rais'd my spirits up.

Thou'st promis'd, Lord, to make my soul
 As Pharaoh's horses strong,
 And bade my peaceful spirit come
 From noisy Lebanon.

The God of Bethel, ever true,
 Thou said'st I should thee prove,
 That I, among thy kings and priests,
 May reign with thee above.

But now, O Lord, my spirit faints,
 My faith is like to fail,
 This hope deferr'd makes sick my heart,
 My sins o'er me prevail.

In place of strength, my strength declines,
 I'm weaker ev'ry day,
 Thou, Lord, hast left my soul forlorn,
 To ev'ry foe a prey.

Helpless and hopeless, here, O Lord,
 Before thy face I lie,
 Oh ! pity, pity me, O Lord,
 With fervour make me cry.

I'm sick of sin, thou know'st 'tis true,
 In heart I love thy laws,
 But yet the flesh, a willing slave,
 My spirit with it draws.

What shall I do? O Lord, I ask,
 Thou know'st I am sincere;
 The gospel preach'd does nought avail,
 I want the pow'r of pray'r.

As heath in desert is my soul,
 Nor feels a quick'ning ray;
 No calm refreshing dew descends,
 To chase this drought away.

I'm truly in a foreign land,
 With pinching want oppress'd,
 And by a cruel servitude,
 I am depriv'd of rest.

I envy ev'n the swine their husks,
 And with them fain would share,
 And grudge because I'm oft deny'd
 The coarse unwholesome fare.

Deceived wretch! I well may say,
 Who shall deliver thee?
 My God, if I may call thee such,
 In mercy think on me.

Is there no balm in Gilead now?
 Or does that fruitful tree,
 Whose virtue ev'n the nations heals,
 Its fruit deny to me?

ABSENCE BEWAILED.

DIRECT my pen, O Lord, I pray,
 When I attempt to write,
 While I remark thy way with me,
 The matter, Lord, indite.

Thou in thy mercy hast bestow'd
 On me another day
 Of gospel-grace ; O may the same
 Be blest'd, I humbly pray.

O pity, Lord, my heavy plaint,
 May I not ask in vain !
 Do thou remove the grievous cause,
 Which does as yet remain.

Thou that wept'st o'er Jerusalem
 With sympathetic tears,
 O may thy bow'ls of pity move,
 And disappoint my fears.

O never leave my feeble soul !
 Ah ! let me not alone ;
 This of all ills I dread the most,
 But claim me for thine own.

Thy face is hid from me, O Lord,
 Thy absence I bewail ;
 Oh ! let me not without thee rest,
 Thy promise must not fail.

Thou cam'st to bruise the serpent's head,
 And Satan's works destroy ; -
 Thou cam'st to loose the stamm'ring tongue,
 And make it sing for joy.

Thou can'st the pris'ner to release,
 And set the captive free ;
 My captive soul in prison lies ;
 Thy grace extend to me.

Thy num'rous mercies, Lord, I own,
 Bestow'd each day afresh ;
 For ever mindful thou hast been
 Of this poor fading flesh.

But, ah ! my parched spirit pines,
 No conquest I've obtain'd,
 This one petition's still deny'd ;
 Sin's sway is still maintain'd.

My will unmortify'd remains,
 Lord, thou can'st make it yield ;
 O ! at thy footstool make me fall,
 And quit to thee the field !

" Woe is to them," the Lord hath said,
 " When they contend with me ;"
 O Lord, incline this stubborn will
 To yield itself to thee.

From this hard bondage, O my God,
 Do thou deliver me,
 And from all my oppressing foes,
 O do thou set me free !

FAITH REVIVING.

A H ! blefs me, Lord, with gratitude,
 And fill my tongue with praife,
 To thee who ftill art pleas'd to fpare,
 And length'neft out my days.

Help me to praife thy holy name,
 That keeps my foul in peace,
 That quells the fiery darts of hell,
 And does my foul releafe.

O feal this freedom to my foul !
 Let me ftand faft in thee ;
 O may it all my thoughts employ,
 How I may live to thee.

But ftill thine abfence, Lord, I mourn,
 Wind-bound my fpirit fails ;
 O may thy foft refreshing breeze
 With comfort fill my fails.

Ev'n with a fpring-tide fill my foul,
 O may I flag no more,
 But give me fweet refreshing gales,
 And bring me fafe on fhore.

O may it be my happy lot,
 To join the pleafant fong,
 That fhall the ransom'd lips employ
 Eternity along.

Though my benighted fpirit now
 Oft grieves my time away,
 O may I Hallelujahs fing
 Through that eternal day !

ON
THE FAST-DAY,

February 26. 1795.

O GREAT Jehovah, Isra'l's God,
According to thy grace,
Deign thou to spare this guilty land,
Nor let thy wrath take place.

A guilty people, Lord, we own ;
Not innocent we plead ;
Look not on us as we deserve,
This look, O Lord, we dread.

When thine own people, Lord, of old,
Had from thy precepts swerv'd,
When Jehoahaz * turn'd aside,
And heathen idols serv'd.

Though just thy indignation rose,
And partly gave him up,
Yet when he sought thy face, thou heard'st,
And bad'st thy judgements stop.

Though Ahab griev'd thy spirit oft,
And wickedly rebell'd,
Profan'd thy altars, slew thy priests,—
Though he in crimes excell'd ;

Yet thou his humbled spirit saw'st ;
Thy wrath soon turn'd away ;
Is, then, thy mercy gone from us?
Forbid it, Lord, we pray.

* 2 Kings xiii.

Through all thy word thou dost declare
 Thy pleasure to forgive,
 And even deign'st to ask us, why
 We do not turn and live.

But, Lord, thou know'st how very weak
 And impotent we are,
 Ah! pity, Lord, our helpless case,
 In mercy hear, and spare.

'Tis true, this age with sin abounds,
 That calls thy judgements forth,
 For ev'ry rank has turn'd aside;
 Truth seems to leave the earth.

But mercy, Lord, is thy delight,
 And favour is with thee;
 Thine acts of kindness shewn of old
 Declare thy clemency.

Although Jerus'lem's streets with blood
 Manass'h made to flow,
 And basely left his father's God,
 Nor did him homage show;

Though superstition's altars smok'd,
 To idol gods ador'd;
 Though when thou call'dst he would not hear,
 Regardless of thy word;

Yet, in his trouble, when he turn'd,
 And sought thy gracious aid,
 Thou heard'st his supplication's voice,
 When in's distress he pray'd.

And dost thou not retain thy name,
 The Lord that heareth pray'r?
 And wilt thou not have mercy now,
 On us oppress'd with care?

Yes, surely, thou can't never change,
 From day to day the same ;
 Thou lov'st all those who in thee hope,
 Thou'lt glorify thy name.

PSALMS ciii. 14.

*For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that
 we are dust.*

O LORD my God, I'll praise thy name
 For favours now possess'd ;
 O raise and elevate my soul,
 Let me in thee be bless'd.

Thy patience sure demands my praise,
 That with my conduct bears ;
 O help me to devote to thee,
 The remnant of my years.

My life with food convenient still
 Thy bounteous hand sustains ;
 Thy bounty, too, this body cloathes,
 Ah ! why such care and pains ?

But favours greater far than these,
 I from thy hand receive,
 I felt this day thy Spirit's pow'r,
 My troubled soul relieve.

O Jesus ! look with pity down,
 Thou know'st of what I'm made ;
 O let not, Lord, my feeble soul,
 Again be captive led.

Thy pow'r alone secures my peace,
 Thou know'st what now I feel ;
 O disappoint my ev'ry fear,
 And all my troubles heal.

O bless this gospel-feast in view,
 O Lord, my soul prepare ;
 May ev'ry idol be dethron'd,
 Nor with thee dare to share.

Help me, O Lord, for once to try,
 Relying on thy pow'r,
 To disappoint the tempter's wiles.
 O keep my soul secure !

ON JOB xxx. 28:

MY heart's o'erwhelm'd, my spirit sinks,
 My confidence is slain,
 My labour's spent to no effect,
 And still my hope is vain.

This leprosy lies deep within,
 And baffles human skill,
 This bruise no earthly balm can heal,
 This wound affrights me still.

In bitterness my soul doth mourn,
 Deep plung'd in unbelief,
 I'm either chasing vanity,
 Or else o'erwhelm'd with grief.

While others glorify the Lord,
 And find his shadow sweet,
 His fruit is pleasant to their taste,
 They round his table meet.

My soul is wither'd left, and dry,
 In fetters fast I'm bound,
 The Lord in justice hides his face,
 Nor will by me be found.

Here in a doubtful wilderness,
 Deserted and forlorn,
 I'm left my mis'ry to bewail,
 Nor have I pow'r to turn.

No ray of hope to gild the gloom,
 Which makes my soul despair ;
 No tender friend condoles my case,
 Nor soothes my anxious care.

T I M E L Y R E L I E F .

YES, Lord, I'll praise thy glorious name,
 With all my pow'rs I'll laud the same ;
 O give me wisdom from above,
 To spread abroad my Father's love !

My warmest friend beheld my smart,
 And knew the anguish of my heart,
 But could give no relief to me,
 And soon forgot my misery.

But when all human aid had fail'd,
 The Lord's almighty arm prevail'd ;
 He set my prison'd spirit free,
 And has proclaim'd my liberty.

Now only in thy strength I stand,
 Uphold me by thy mighty hand ;
 O may I ne'er again give way,
 But keep me steadfast, Lord, I pray.

With patient hope and fervent pray'r,
 Help me to trust thy tender care ;
 Let not my sinful, anxious mind
 Disturb my peace, or prove unkind.

PSALMS li. 15.

*O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall
 praise thee.*

THY heav'nly Spirit give to me,
 O may my heart and tongue agree,
 In sweetest concord found !

O may my ev'ry pow'r unite
 To render thee the praise that's meet,
 Whose mercies close me round.

This day I found thy gracious care,
 Which disappointed ev'ry fear,
 And kept my soul serene ;
 Although temptations threaten'd fore
 To break my peace, and grieve thee more,
 Thou rescu'dst me again.

But, O my hard ungrateful heart
 Does ever from thy paths depart,
 Thy cross it will not bear,
 But fierce unhallow'd passions rise,
 And unbelief thy word denies ;
 Oh ! for thy truth appear.

Help me to trust thy holy word,
 And leave all events with my Lord,
 Nor e'er distrust his care ;
 Though present Providence appear,
 O'erhung with clouds, and not so clear,
 Ne'er shall my soul despair.

ON JOHN xi. 28.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

ARISE, my soul, the Master's come,
And softly calls for thee,
His Spirit knocketh at thy heart,
O let it open'd be.

O Lord, display thy sov'reign pow'r,
Remove the massy bar;
Come, O my God, and seize my heart,
And reign for ever there.

I charge you, O ye earthly toys,
For ever to be gone,
O never more disturb my joys!
O let my Lord alone!

Come in, thou blessed Sp'rit of peace,
Thy sacred office do,
O melt and thaw the frozen heart,
And all my soul renew.

Lord, from this moment claim thy right,
And seize my soul thy prey;
May ev'ry idol be cast out,
And banish'd far away.

O may thy kingdom come with pow'r
Into this heart of mine,
Ev'n right'ousness, and peace, and joy,
And ever in it reign.

MICAH, vii. 8.

COME, O my soul, in Jesus trust,
 Yield not to unbelief;
 How can'st thou doubt his faithful word,
 And spend thy time in grief?

Although iniquity prevail,
 For me he shed his blood,
 For sinners he a victim fell,
 To bring them home to God.

Therefore, my soul, unto him look,
 For his salvation wait,
 The vision may a while delay,
 But cannot come too late.

It well becomes thee, O my soul,
 To bear his angry frown,
 Because against him thou hast sinn'd,
 And drawn his judgements down.

Let not my cruel envious foes
 O'er my weak soul rejoice,
 For though I fall, I shall arise,
 And praise with chearful voice.

Though I in darkness sit, the Lord
 Will be to me a light;
 His presence yet shall fill my heart;
 He'll gild the gloom of night.

'Tis good to wait in patient hope,
 And on the Lord to rest;
 He sees all with a pleasant eye,
 That in his mercy trust.

While living, why should I complain,
 Though suff'ring be my lot,
 'Tis sin procures my ev'ry pain,
 While mercies are forgot.

HOSEA, ii. 6.

I will hedge up thy way with thorns, &c.

COME, O my soul, from earth away,
 For this is not thy rest,
 Thy thoughts must soar above the sky,
 If e'er thou would'st be blest.

Thy way with thorns is hedged in,
 Thy path thou can'st not find,
 The Lord in mercy keeps thee down,
 Yet judge him not unkind.

The promise yet has been fulfill'd,
 Such strength thou hast receiv'd,
 As has been equal to thy days ;
 The Lord has still reliev'd.

Ah ! never then, my soul, give way
 To needless carking care,
 Unto the Lord commit thy cause,
 By humble fervent pray'r.

For resignation still he calls,
 With calm submission bow,
 Lest he in anger crush thee down,
 With terror in his brow.

Thy lot continues crooked still,
 But gentle is the cross,

And richly 'tis with mercy mix'd ;
Thy gain exceeds thy loss.

Yes, surely, 'tis in mercy sent,
To wean thee from below ;
Let patience have her perfect work,
He'll bring thee safely through.

Yes, surely, there shall be an end,
The promise cannot fail,
Thy faith shall never be cut off,
Thy hope shall yet prevail.

For this I to the Lord will look,
And on him I will stay,
My Jesus lends a patient ear
To what his people say.

JOHN, vi. 37.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.

THIS earth, I feel, is not my rest,
My eyes I'll therefore lift to thee,
In thy pavillion hide me, Lord,
My cover from the tempest be.

As rivers in a parched land,
O may thy Holy Sp'rit o'erflow !
With thy sure counsel be my guide,
Conduct me all my journey through.

O keep me in this trying hour !
My ev'ry pain is known to thee ;
In me display thy saving pow'r,
From ev'ry danger set me free.

O blefs me, Lord, with conqu'ring faith,
 Endow with skill to plead with thee,
 To thee with all my plagues I come,
 In hopes that thou wilt pity me.

Who comes to thee, thou'lt not caft out,
 Though black as Kedar they appear,
 Ev'n Magdalenes * may thee approach,
 And touch thee freely without fear.

Thy mercy's great, Lord, I confefs,
 And well may vileft finners cheer,
 Yet how dare I, who ftill rebel,
 Approach thy altar without fear.

C O N F L I C T.

A H! my tumultuous foul, be ftill,
 Why is my fpirit hurried thus?
 Silence, O Lord, this noify ftorm,
 And fpeak this tempeft into peace.

The raging ocean hears thy voice,
 Submiffive to thy high command,
 Its roaring billows ftrove in vain,
 To combat with the yielding fand.

O may thy mighty pow'r prevail,
 To conquer my moft ftubborn heart!
 O calm this fever in my foul,
 Eid this feducing fiend depart.

Thy great falvation I neglect,
 My foul's deceiv'd from day to day;

* Luke, vii. 39.

A heart impure I still retain,
Still thy salvation's far away.

Sprinkle my heart with water pure,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine ;
Repair the ruin of the fall,
And make me in thine image shine.

No peace the wicked can enjoy,
This by experience I find,
Unhallow'd passions ever jarr,
And fret and vex my anxious mind.

In mercy, Lord, think on my case,
Nor leave me to my idols join'd,
Be thou my friend, and I am safe,
Though earth and hell were both combin'd.

JOB, iv. 6.

MY time swift as a shuttle flies,
Nor stopp'd is in its flight,
Day after day is spent in vain,
Dark clouds obscure my sight.

I labour in a fever still,
My strength is spent for nought,
For no deliv'rance I obtain,
Though, Lord, thy help is sought.

Temptations new assault my soul,
Of which I had no fear ;
O let thy presence glad my heart,
Because the foe is near.

Or must my barren soul be left
Abandon'd by thy grace ?

Wilt thou be gracious now no more,
Nor show thy smiling face ?

As doors on hinges, so my soul
Unstable does remain ;
I still repent, and sin again,
Nor can to rest attain.

Now dark despair and unbelief
Inclose my spirit round,
My pray'r thou wilt not deign to hear,
Nor wilt by me be found.

Thy long insulted spirit now
Refuses to return ;
Ah ! for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
Leave me not thus to mourn.

O Judah's Lion ! yet appear,
And speak the healing word,
Destroy my foes, victorious King,
By thy two-edged sword.

To Magdalene thy mercy reach'd,
Forgiven much, she lov'd ;
The thief, expiring by thy side,
Thy great salvation prov'd.

For those that shed thy blood thou pray'dst,
The wretches in thy view :
" Father, forgive," the Saviour said,
" They know not what they do."

Must I sit down in dark despair,
And yield to unbelief,
Amidst such tokens of thy love
To sinners ev'n the chief ?

O give the call, then will I rise,
And stretch the wither'd hand,

Bid me come forth, and I'll obey,
If thou with pow'r command.

According to thy promise, come,
And form my soul anew ;

Ah ! cleanse the blood thou hast not cleans'd,
This thou alone can'st do.

If I till now have been deceiv'd,

Ah ! now the snare destroy,
Guide me at last into the path
That leads to endless joy.

ISAIAH, lxiii. 1.

WHO'S this that forth from Edom comes !
With robes of scarlet dye
From Bozrah ? He that glorious is
In strength, speaks right'ously.

This is the glorious great I AM,
That condescended free,
To tread the wine-press all alone,
His raiments stain'd for me.

Look forth, my soul, and see him bleed,
On yon accursed tree ;
Why is thy love so cold to him,
Who suffer'd thus for thee ?

Behold, and see th' eternal God
By terrors' king o'ercome,
The Lord of life gives up the ghost,—
Is hurried to the tomb.

And can'st thou yet, my soul, delay
To give him all thy heart ?

Is he not worthy of thy love,
That acted such a part ?

How can'st thou thus his praises sing
In such a languid strain ?

Why this salvation so neglect,
And let him bleed in vain ?

How could'st thou on these symbols look,
Without a grateful heart ?

How can'st thou still his Spirit grieve,
And cause him to depart ?

How can'st thou idols entertain,
And give thyself away ?

Yea, even in his sacred courts,
Thou basely go'st astray.

Is't thus because unhallow'd still
Thy stupid heart remains,
This leprosy is still unheal'd,
Ev'n after all thy pains ?

From this day, Lord, may I afresh
The combat fierce renew ;
And in thy strength may I resolve
To pay my plighted vow.

Then, O display thy glorious pow'r,
This work belongs to thee,
For only an almighty arm
Can set the pris'ner free.

MATTH. xvi. 26.

*What profiteth a man though he gain the whole
world, and lose his own soul?*

WHY should imaginary wants
Corrode my anxious mind,
To lay in balance with my soul,
On earth what can I find?

Nothing : For all beneath the sun
Is vanity and toil,
Events unseen may dash our hopes,
And all our comforts spoil.

When Alexander's pow'rful arms
Had conquer'd ev'ry where,
Though universal Sov'reign now,
Did he desist from care?

Ah ! no, the wretched monarch weeps
Over his blood-bought store,
The world his own, his course is check'd,
For he can gain no more.

Then why should I expect to find
Solace in ought below ?
For happiness search earth throughout,
All nature answers, No.

Then turn my eyes, thou Pow'r Supreme,
From viewing vanity,
What nought in nature can supply,
I may expect in thee.

PROV. i. 20.

*Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in
the streets, &c.*

TAKE heed, my soul, 'tis Wisdom speaks,
Attend to what she says;
Blessed are they that hear her voice,
And walk in all her ways.

Oh! keep the heart with proper care,
Attention due bestow,
For if the fountain be corrupt,
Polluted streams will flow.

This truth I feel from day to day,
For sin my soul deceives,
And errors ev'ry day anew
Thy Holy Spirit grieves.

O shed thy love abroad in me,
O Lord, I humbly pray;
O turn my feet into thy paths,
Nor let me from thee stray.

O love me freely, gracious God,
Adopt me for thy child,
O turn thine anger all away,
Make me a blessed field!

Although in me no cause remains,
Why thou should'st gracious be,
Yet for thy tender mercy's sake,
Be pleas'd to pity me.

MAT. v. 6.

*Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after
righteousness.*

"**B**LESS'd are the hungry," saith the Lord,
"That long to prove my faithful word,
"Who thirst for righteousness divine,
"I'll make them in mine image shine."

Bless'd be the merciful, for they
For greater favours still make way;
Blessed are all the pure in heart,
They in Jehovah have a part.

In mercy they his face shall see,
And ever with him they shall be;
Blessed are all who sue for peace,
And strive to make dire discord cease.

These blessings, Lord, I now implore,
Fulfil this wish, I'll ask no more,
With thee I would be satisfied,
Nor ask another good beside.

Although with vain and foolish views,
My peace is broke, and pain ensues,
Shed but abroad thy love in me,
And then I'll centre all in thee.

O let not sin my soul deceive,
But send me help, my soul relieve,
Let not delusions prove my curse,
And lead me thus from bad to worse.

O break the tempter's fatal snare,
Thou, who can'st tell my ev'ry care,
Sure know'st the airy scenes that rise,
And thus bewitch my dazzled eyes.

JOB, xxiii. 3.

O that I knew where I might find him ! &c.

O PLANT in me the humble mind,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
O bless me with a soaring thought,
A meek and lowly heart.

O let thy pow'r upon me rest !
Be pleas'd to quicken me ;
Enlarge my heart, O Lord, and then
I'll render praise to thee.

O that I knew where I might find
The darling of my heart,
I'd close him fast in mine embrace,
Nor with him more would part.

I'd utter all my fore complaint,
And pour it in his ear,
The Sp'rit of pray'r give thou to me,
And lend the hearing ear.

I grudge these moments as they flee,
But cannot them improve,
My soul is parched, Lord, and dry,
Its hardness, Lord, remove.

As dew upon the grass, O Lord,
Refresh and quicken me,
O let the sweet refreshing drops
Upon my branches be !

O bow the heavens, and come down,
 Lay ev'ry mountain low,
 Then of thy goodness I will tell,
 That others it may know.

'Tis true, O Lord, I have not been
 Obedient unto thee ;
 Yet, Lord, thou seest my parched soul,
 Be pleas'd to quicken me.

NAHUM, i. 3.

His way is in the whirlwind.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
 Look to the Lord, and saved be ;
 He pities such as are oppress'd ;
 A refuge from the storm is he.

Why should'st thou thus dejected sink,
 Because his way is hid from thee ?
 In confidence still rest assur'd,
 That thou his glory yet shalt see.

Call but to mind thy own request,
 Nor wonder at his way with thee ;
 Oft hast thou pray'd he would relieve,
 From ev'ry snare to set thee free ;

That ev'ry thing which marr'd thy peace,
 Might from thy heart away be tore,
 That he would bring salvation near,
 And thou would'st praise him more and more.

Then dare not dictate unto him,
 But leave him to his sov'reign will,

His way is in the whirlwind's blast,
He ruleth in the tempest still.

He is thy God, then for him wait,
He is thy rest, on him rely;
Ev'n as a maid her mistress views,
So fix on him thy stedfast eye.

As servant on his master's hand,
So let thine eye upon him be;
Though thou with looking up should fail,
Yet wait till he establish thee.

The poor and needy he regards,
The prisoner enlarg'd shall be,
And though the haughty looks are scorn'd,
The bowed down upraiseth he.

Yea, let thy present mercies move
My grateful soul to render praise,
Thou'lt disappointed all my fears,
Thou did'st my drooping spirits raise.

Thou bad'st my troubles all subside,
Thou did'st my failing health restore,
Thou far above my thoughts hast done;
I'll bless thy holy name therefore.

But still I cannot, cannot love,
Nor duly to thy glory live,
Unhallow'd passions tease my soul,
And do thy Holy Spirit grieve.

Why is my useless life prolong'd?
On earth why should I longer stay?
Cut short, O Lord, thy work in me,
And call my longing soul away.

From all delusion save my soul;
O save from trusting in a lie,
From ev'ry vain aspiring thought,
From pride, from haughty look and high.

O sanctify my soul throughout,
 And make my longing heart thy home !
 Oh ! make me in thine image shine !
 Then, blessed Jesus, quickly come.

LUKE i. 31.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus.

YES, Jesus still retains his name,
 I his salvation feel,
 I fain would to his glory seek,
 And of his goodness tell.

Yea, for this cause I will rejoice
 In mine infirmity,
 Ev'n in my weakness, that the pow'r
 Of Christ may rest on me.

Though trouble thus invade my frame,
 And bring my body down,
 May only I enjoy thy smile,
 Claim, then, me for thine own.

I now would say, Bless'd be thy name,
 What's all the earth to me ?
 Or who in heaven can compare,
 My dearest Lord, with thee ?

When I reflect on what is done,
 How can my wonder cease ?
 O perfect what thou hast begun !
 O make my faith increase !

For faith incessantly I'll plead,
 O answer my request !
 O let thy love divine abound,
 And glow within my breast !
 When my dejected spirit sinks,
 Whatever be my loss,
 All foolish comforts I'll refuse,
 And glory in thy cross.
 Till thou thyself appear in view,
 With the Sun's healing beams,
 Since I the fountain may enjoy,
 Why should I chuse the streams ?

SUBMISSION UNDER TROUBLE.

TOUCH'D by the Lord's afflicting hand,
 Why should my soul despond ?
 No trouble can a grain exceed,
 My father's licens'd bound.
 If for correction thou afflict,
 Why should I thus complain ?
 Not Satan, in his utmost rage,
 Can reach beyond his chain.
 Then, O my soul, in God rejoice,
 Again rejoice, I say,
 Yea evermore in him rejoice,
 And without ceasing pray.
 In ev'ry thing to him give thanks,
 Because it is his will ;
 Why should'st not thou with patience bear ?
 Be still, my soul, be still.

What though thou weary nights pass through,
 And sleep be oft deny'd,
 Though few to pity thee incline,
 Or lend the needful aid.

Yet why complain ? thus far conform'd
 To thy once suff'ring Lord,
 This legacy he hath bequeath'd
 To all that trust his word.

Think but on him, though Lord of all,
 With poverty oppress'd,
 Although he form'd this earthly globe,
 He had no where to rest.

See him derided and despis'd,
 Both friendless and forlorn,
 In want of ev'ry needful good ;
 And dar'st thou longer mourn ?

Affliction's sent to prove thy faith,
 Thy patience to perfit,
 From it experience takes its rise ;
 All for thy good unite.

O learn to glory in his cross,
 Who bore the curse for thee,
 Ah ! never murmur at the lot
 The Lord hath cast for thee.

What though no home, father, nor friend,
 Nor treasure thou can'st boast ?
 The Lord's engag'd thou shalt not want,
 In Jesus therefore trust.

Thou oft hast seen his pow'r display'd
 In bringing thee relief ;
 Thy very wish he hath fulfill'd,
 And banish'd all thy grief.

Trust only him, and thou wilt see
 His word is not in vain ;
 For if the world should cast thee out,
 The Lord will take thee in.

*The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,
 and hope in his mercy.*

'TIS of thy mercy I am spar'd,
 O Lord, I freely own ;
 'Twas of thy goodness that my soul
 To death did not go down.

I'll render thanks unto the Lord,
 That pity had on me,
 When wand'ring wide in error's path,
 He sav'd and set me free.

The gall and wormwood of that state,
 I still to mind recal,
 When joy and peace both took their flight,
 No comfort left at all.

But now the Lord my portion is,
 And in him hope will I,
 For his compassion never fails,
 He hears me when I cry.

I know 'tis good to hope and wait
 For thy salvation, Lord,
 For thy delight is with all those
 That take thee at thy word.

For thou wilt not cast off for ay,
 Nor willingly give pain ;

Thou hast no pleasure in the death
Of feeble sons of men.

Because thou'rt good, therefore I'll hope ;
And strong, therefore I'll trust ;
To thee I will commit my cause,
And on thee I will rest.

O search and try my soul, O Lord,
And turn me yet again !
In darkness never leave me more,
To murmur and complain.

GRATITUDE.

OF mercy and judgement I ever will sing,
To God who's the giver of both ;
To thee I give thanks, O my God and my King,
Whose word is as sure as thine oath.

Thou told'st us that troubles we all might expect,
If e'er we put hand to thy plough,
But grace all-sufficient thou would'st not neglect,
To carry thy people quite through.

Thus far I have found it in ev'ry distress,
In mercy thou ever stood'st by ;
From all tribulations thou dost me release,
And sav'st me when to thee I cry.

Whenever I trust, I am sure to succeed ;
I yield and receive with increase,
What I lose for thy sake is with int'rest repaid,
And my toil is rewarded with peace.

If this be all true, then what cause for complaint?
 Or how dare I murmur at all?
 What have I to do but to wait each event,
 And eye thee that guides me through all?
 For patience at present I need much to pray,
 Do, Lord, but that spirit impart,
 Do, Jesus, but hear me; O say me not nay,
 My Friend and my Brother thou art.
 I'm friendless and hopeless, despis'd and forlorn,
 I'm sickly, I'm needy, and poor;
 Bestow thy compassion, nor leave me to mourn,
 Or perish while thus at thy door.

PSAL. l. 15.

Call on me in the day of trouble.

ATTEND, O Lord, my soul's request,
 Oh! may my pray'r before thee come,
 Let fear from thee now fill this breast,
 And ev'ry wrong desire consume.
 O give me, Lord, a grateful heart,
 And loose, O Lord, this stamm'ring tongue;
 For good's my cause to praise thee still;
 O blest me with a thankful song!
 I will thee praise, O Lord my God,
 Who heard'st my feeble, lifeless pray'r,
 And gav'st me pow'r on thee to wait,
 Until thou would'st thyself appear.
 Yes, Lord, for thee I waited have,
 I've trusted wholly in thy name,
 I have not disappointed been,
 Nor hast thou put my soul to shame.

Thou in thy glory did'st appear,
 To set my anxious soul at rest,
 And chang'dst the storm into a calm,
 That rag'd within my troubled breast.

Thou gav'st me, too, my heart's desire,
 Did'st put my num'rous fears to flight;
 Shall I not therefore praise thee, Lord,
 Gladly with all my pow'r and might?

Yes, Lord, I'll praise thy holy name,
 And in thee evermore rejoice;
 O put a new song in my mouth,
 To praise thee raise my languid voice!

I'll mourn, because I cannot mourn,
 Because so oft I've grieved thee,
 And I will gladly in thee joy,
 Who wrought deliverance for me.

Yes, Lord, according to thy word,
 Thy wond'rous glory I have seen,
 For when all other refuge fail'd,
 Thou hast my help and Saviour been.

From day to day I feel thy pow'r
 Upon my troubled spirit rest,
 O were I all conform'd to thee,
 I would be ever truly blest.

PHIL. i. 13.

*I can do all things through Christ that strength-
eneth me.*

BLESS'D are all those who love the Lord,
The call'd according to his will,
All things together work for good,
And all his great designs fulfil.

Yes, this my soul has lately prov'd,
For which I'll try to praise his name,
Oh ! give me, Lord, a grateful heart,
Thy glory be my only aim.

In tribulation I'll rejoice,
For then thy word is sweetest far,
My soul then rests in patient hope,
Till peace succeeds the painful war.

When darkness does inclose me round,
I know not how to find my way,
Thy promise, Lord, secures my peace,
Thou wilt not suffer me to stray.

When much enfeebled, weak, and faint,
My spirit sadly does complain,
By faith he helps me to look up
For strength, nor do I look in vain.

When Satan, with his baited hook,
Entraps my blind unwary soul,
His mercy deigns to set me free,
And Satan's guile he does controul.

When danger threatens to devour,
And fears distract my feeble frame,
He bids my soul turn to its rest,
To safety through his glorious name.

When carking cares corrode my heart,
 And unbelief belies his word,
 He sees my pain, and gives me pow'r
 To cast my burden on the Lord.

When sickness sore invades my frame,
 And meagre want does me oppress,
 My faithless heart desponding cries,
 I'll surely sink in this distress.

He helps me then to look to him,
 He banishes my groundless fear,
 And on his promise makes me rest,
 That bread and water shall be near.

Yea, strange to tell, my very sin
 He over-ruleth for my good,
 My loss has often prov'd my gain,
 A raven has procur'd me food ;

A raven, did I say ? yes, sure,
 That raven of the blackest hue ;
 Much 'gainst his will my soul has fed,
 But to thy pow'r the praise was due.

MATTH. iv. 6.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee.

A WAKE, my soul, and praise the Lord,
 O trust in his unerring word,
 That does to thee such comfort yield,
 For nought he promis'd has e'er fail'd.
 For all these wants upon him wait,
 To him repair in ev'ry strait,
 In patience rest, and he will come,
 And to thy heart send blessings home.

Lord, I confess thy gracious care,
 I know thou hear'st and answer'st pray'r ;
 Thou'rt ever near to save thy own,
 And raisest such as are bow'd down.

For some time past my peace hath been
 Establish'd sure by pastures green ;
 Thou lead'st my soul from day to day,
 Nor leav'st me in this wild to stray.

Yet no extatic joys I know,
 In silent whispers, soft and slow ;
 Thou guid'st me with thy watchful eye,
 In all my dangers thou art nigh.

Thy angel bands attend my step,
 From many dangers do me keep ;
 At thy command they quickly flee,
 They comfort and establish me.

Is this too much ? Sure not, O Lord,
 For this I gather from thy word,
 This charge thou dost assign as theirs,
 Freely to serve salvation's heirs.

O give them charge o'er me, I pray,
 To keep me, lest I fall away !
 But, oh ! thy Spirit give, O Lord,
 He only can apply thy word.

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PSAL. lxvi. 16.

*Come and bear, all ye that fear God, and I will
declare what he hath done for my soul.*

MY heart is fix'd on thee, O Lord,
So praise thy name I will,
Who heard'st, and did'st salvation send
From thine own holy hill.

Who saw'st my soul a captive led,
And did'st deliver me,
And from the subtile fowler's snare,
Did'st set my spirit free.

Come here, all ye that love his name,
And hear what he has done,
For o'er the foe his pow'rful arm
The victory hath won.

He now, the Sov'reign of my heart,
Doth sweetly reign alone ;—
I joy to find my noblest pow'rs
Thy high dominion own.

Yet in my flesh a law I find,
That wars against my soul,
The carnal mind's not all destroy'd,
Nor am I found and whole.

Ah ! no, O Lord, much yet remains
In me for thee to do ;
O cleanse the blood thou hast not cleans'd,
And form me all anew.

O sprinkle me with water pure,
And circumcise my heart ;
Loose ev'ry bond, nor let me from
Thy holy law depart.

C O N S O L A T I O N .

WHY should I fear the evil day ?
 If Jesus but his pow'r display,
 With him a conqu'ror I will reign,
 And smile at poverty and pain.

In ev'ry danger thou art nigh,
 And hear'st thy people when they cry ;
 The angel of thy presence saves
 The soul that in thy pow'r believes.

If trials me thou dost assign,
 Oh ! let not, Lord, my soul repine ;
 Help me with patience to endure,
 Since in thy keeping I'm secure.

The only danger, Lord, I see,
 Is fear of losing sight of thee ;
 If thou art present, all is well,
 Though rising billows rage and swell.

But, Lord, leave me not all alone,
 This only evil I bemoan,
 Though other evils me surround,
 Yet in thy love my joy is found.

Hear me in this accepted day,
 For all that's dear to me I pray,
 I leave them with thee, young and old,
 Bring home, and keep them in thy fold.

Establish, Lord, the wav'ring soul,
 Revive the faint, all foes controul,
 Whose malice never is at rest,
 But of new mischief's still in quest.

PSAL. XXXI. 23.

*O love the Lord, all ye his saints ; for the Lord
preserveth the faithful.*

O LOVE the Lord, all ye his saints,
And praise him for his grace,
For he preserves the faithful soul
In ev'ry trying case.

It well becomes thee, O my soul,
To praise with all thy pow'r,
The Lord, who keeps thee quite serene
In fierce temptation's hour.

How num'rous, Lord, have been the gifts
Thou hast bestow'd on me !
Enlarge my heart, O Lord, and then
I'll render praise to thee.

I fain would love thee, O my God,
With all my soul and heart,
In this may I thy law fulfil,
Nor from thy paths depart.

Thy word upon me is distill'd,
Like dew upon the grass ;
The mem'ry of thy former grace
To me refreshing was.

O do prevent the snare I dread !
Leave me not all alone,
If thou withdraw'st thy pow'rful hand,
I surely am undone.

No pow'r have I for to withstand
 This mighty host I see,
 Nor know I any way to look,
 Except, O Lord, to thee.

But I believe that thou who hast
 Deliver'd me before,
 Wilt still prevent my dreaded fall,
 Wilt save me evermore.

JOB, iii. 25.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come, &c.

THY ways with me demand my praise,
 O Lord, I humbly own,
 For mercy follows me : each day
 Thou pour'st thy blessings down.

But my ungrateful base returns
 Oft make me blush for shame,
 For still I wander from thy ways,
 And do not praise thy name.

Again I feel myself involv'd,
 Although not overcome ;
 But it is owing to thy grace
 I am not quite undone.

The thing I fear'd is on me come,
 The crafty bait has ta'en ;
 To thee, O Lord, I turn my eyes,
 O rescue me again !

Oh ! help me, Lord, in faith to plead,
 Endow with pow'r to pray,
 O send thy spirit down, and then
 Thou can'st not say me nay.

For once again be pleas'd to break
 The subtle fow'ler's snare ;
 O may thy mind in me appear ;
 Fulfil my fervent pray'r.

O shed thy love abroad in me,
 To me thyself reveal ;
 I then will to thy glory speak,
 And of thy goodness tell.

JOB, XXIX. 2.

*Oh ! that I were as in months past, as in the days
 when God preserved me.*

A LAS ! my soul, how art thou fall'n !
 Ah ! why bewilder'd thus,
 Melt thou again lament and pine,
 And murmur o'er thy loss !

Where's now those pleasant notes of praise,
 That lately fill'd thy tongue ?

Where's now the glowing, grateful frame,
 That mov'd thy pleasant song.

Where's now that firm unshaken faith,
 With which thy heart was stay'd ?

Where's all those strength'ning cordials now,
 That often made thee glad ?

Those pastures green, where thou did'st feed,
 Are wither'd now to thee ;

Those crystal fountains where thou drank'st,
No longer can'st thou see.

Arise, my soul, rejoice in hope,
The Lord will yet appear,
Unto his temple yet look up,
Nor yield to anxious fear.

His mercy mov'd him once before,
When wallowing in sin,
To bid my prison'd soul come forth,
And a new life begin.

He bade the subtile tempter stay,
Nor dare to break my peace,
And from his dire devouring pow'r
My soul he did release.

Cast not thy confidence away,
But cleave to him anew ;
When sin prevails upon him call,
He'll bring thee safely through.

His gifts not from repentance are,
He's God, and cannot change,
His ev'ry word shall be fulfill'd,
By means however strange.

For present peace return him thanks,
And calmly on him wait,
For what is good thou shalt receive ;
Nor shall it come too late.

ROM. xii. 2.

Rejoicing in hope.

A WAKE, my soul, and praise the Lord,
And laud him for sweet peace restor'd ;
Once more he has his pow'r reveal'd,
And freely thy backslidings heal'd.

O wonder at his sov'reign grace,
For he has shew'd his smiling face
To thee, while wand'ring from thy rest,
Of airy phantoms still in quest.

Confirm, Lord, what thy pow'r hath wrought,
And keep the sheep thy care hath sought ;
Assert thy right, maintain thy hold,
Nor let me wander from thy fold.

With wonder I thy favour see,
That stoops so low to sinful me ;
Thy condescending love I own,
To me a worthless creature shown.

A NEW-YEAR'S HYMN,

Jan. 1795.

A TTEND, my soul, the solemn sound,
Another year has roll'd around,——
Another year is past ;
Redeem the time, make no delay,
The subtile moments haste away,
This year may be thy last.

Thy glass fast empties of its sand,
 Thou'rt hast'ning to Oblivion's land,
 For Death is on his way ;
 How many in the year that's past,
 Of firmer nerves, have breath'd their last,
 And fall'n to him a prey.

Yet sov'reign grace has spared thee ;
 O that thy lengthen'd days may be
 Devoted to God's fear ;
 Lord, to thy glory may I live,
 My languid heart do thou revive,
 To visit me draw near.

Oh ! Jesus, grant me this request,
 Add, then, this favour to the rest,
 A grateful heart bestow ;
 Since first I breath'd the vital air,
 I have been thy peculiar care ;
 Thy tender love I know.

In this past year, beyond the rest,
 Thy love to me has been exprest,
 I've felt thy healing balm ;
 Thou mad'st thy pow'r to rest on me,
 Mine eyes did thy salvation see ;
 The storm became a calm.

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PSAL. xliiii. 5.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

COME, O my weary lab'ring soul,
Compose thyself to rest ;
Why art thou thus in me cast down,
Or thus with grief oppress'd ?

On Jesus call, he'll deign to hear,
And answer thy request,
He bids the weary sinner come,
And lean upon his breast.

Where's now the mighty pow'r of faith
Thou lately mad'st thy boast,
That though the Lord thy soul should slay,
Yet in him thou would'st trust.

He's still the same, and changeth not,
Then why should'st thou despond ?
His pow'r did rest on thee this day,
Thy peace he's made t'abound.

The rising storm he did rebuke,
And calm'd thy anxious mind ;
Then why, my soul, make such returns ?
Oh ! judge him not unkind.

Yes, Lord, I own thy tender care
Of me in time that's past,
And I believe thou wilt preserve,
And keep me to the last.

Pity my weakness, O my God,
For unto thee I cry,
And will remember the right-hand
Of him that is Most High.

MICAH, vii. 9.

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because
I have sinned against him.*

MY soul is still o'ercome with fears,
And dark the path to me appears,
In which I'm bound to move ;
Yet still I will look to the Lord,
For all my hope is in his word,
A friendly guide he'll prove.

His indignation I will bear,
For yet for me he will appear,
His precepts are my choice ;
I yet shall see a chearful day,
He'll make these shadows flee away,
And I shall yet rejoice.

Then triumph not, thou worst of foes,
For though my soul now mourning goes,
For darkness round his throne,
The morning-star shall yet arise,
The sun again shall bless my skies,
For he will hear my moan.

The Lord will execute for me
His judgements just ; thou yet shalt see,
And know I have a friend ;
He all thy malice will controul,
And yet enlarge my fetter'd soul,
And save me to the end.

Though by my folly oft I fall,
 Yet Jesus hears me when I call,
 And saves me in distress ;
 To him alone will I complain,
 On his almighty arm I lean,
 Up through this wilderness.

Though Satan all his cunning try,
 If I this moment trust a lie,
 Break thou the charm, O Lord ;
 Wisdom I ask, I must it have,
 Surely thou wilt thy servant save ;
 I trust upon thy word.

But if this faith I act be thine,
 Confirm it, let thy glory shine,
 Thy name thus be ador'd ;
 Thy simple word is all I want ;
 This one petition, then, O grant ;
 Establish me, O Lord.

O may my faith grow firm and strong,
 May daily praises fill my tongue,
 For thy almighty grace ;
 May others, too, thy favour feel,
 May we all join to praise thee still,
 And run our heav'nly race.

Ah ! make these shadows flee away,
 Haste, then, the everlasting day,
 And wipe away our tears ;
 O may we sing with grateful tongue,
 That humble, holy, chearful song,
 That's sung through endless years.

At present may we rest in hope,
 And in our ev'ry strait look up,
 And leave to thee our care ;
 May we not weary, Lord, we pray,
 But still keep on our heav'nly way,
 Till thou, O Lord, appear.

ON THE
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P A I N F U L D I S O R D E R.

MUST thy chastising hand, O Lord,
On me be laid again ?
Then send, O Lord, the needful aid,
And sanctify each pain.

In former troubles thou hast been
My comforter and stay ;
Then be not wanting now, but come
And wipe my tears away.

Calmly submitting to thy stroke,
O keep my soul serene !
And sweeten ev'ry bitter cup,
Which does for me remain.

If weary nights appointed be,
And balmy sleep's deny'd,
O may thy consolations sweet
Through tedious hours my guide.

With patience fortify my soul,
And keep my mind at peace ;
O give me, Lord, that humble mind,
That softens all disease.

Friend of the friendless, hear my plaint,
And send the help I crave,
Ev'n calm submission to thy will ;
In hope thou wilt me save.

All things together for their good
 Shall work, thou hast declar'd,
 To those that love thy holy name,
 And do thy works regard.

JOHN, xvi. 33.

*In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me
 peace.*

YES, Lord, this day I felt thee near,
 Thy comforts made me glad,
 But soon my soul's malicious foe
 Prevail'd to make me sad.

O disappoint his envious rage,
 Nor leave me in his hand ;
 My feeble soul support, O Lord,
 By faith O may I stand !

But why am I surpris'd to find
 Perplexing scenes below ;
 Adversity I may expect,
 Ev'n all my journey through.

I tribulation meet with must,
 While on this earth I dwell ;
 But may I find true peace in thee,
 This will make all things well.

Thy peace leave with me, O my God,
 According to thy word,
 That peace that passeth knowledge far,
 I claim from thee, O Lord.

O may it as a river flow,
 Let right'ousness abound ;
 As with a mantle, cloathe my soul
 With holiness around.

JUDGES, vi. 13.

If God be amongst us, why is it so with us ?

DOES Jesus still retain his name ?
 And has he pow'r to save ?
 And is he still the sinner's friend ?
 And does he ever live ?
 And doth he really intercede
 For sinners such as me ?
 Shall all that through him come to God,
 His great salvation see ?
 Is he a Prince exalted high,
 Repentance to bestow ?
 And does he hear each faint request
 His people breathe below ?
 Then why have I so often ask'd,
 Yet seem'd to ask in vain ?
 Ah ! why do I like water, Lord,
 Unstable still remain ?
 Do I not to thy fold belong ?
 Did'st thou not die for me ?
 'Tis only sinners need thine aid,
 Or must apply to thee.
 Ev'n I, the foremost of that throng,
 Claim thy assistance now ;
 Thou only can'st my stubborn will,
 To calm submission bow.

O may, I lean no more to earth,
Nor trust in flesh at all !
O raise my grov'ling soul, O Lord,
Above this earthly ball !

From wilful sin O save my soul,
All Satan's snares prevent ;
In thee alone my soul can rest
With unreserv'd content.

REV. iii. 19.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten, &c.

" **A**LL whom I love I will rebuke,
And chaste n ev'ry child ;
Be zealous, therefore, and repent,
While thy chastisement's mild.

Lo, at the door I stand and knock,
Open, and I'll come in,
But I no rival can endure,
Nor any fav'rite sin."

Attend, my soul, nor dare delay,
But instantly comply ;
Oh ! banish ev'ry darling sin,
That does the Lord deny.

But will the Lord, in very deed,
Dwell in this heart of mine ?
Behold the heavens' wide expanse
His glory can't confine.

Yea, in his sight they are not pure ;
Alas ! then how can I,
Deform'd and loathesome, e'er expect
His approbation high ?

Yes, but he'll grant, himself hath sworn ;
 Don't reason, but believe ;
 Who comes to him he'll not cast out,
 But chearfully receive.

The stony heart he will remove,
 And give an heart of flesh,
 He'll sprinkle thee with water pure,
 Thy thirsty soul refresh.

But yet for this thou must him seek,
 The promise is to pray'r :
 " In trouble see thou call on me,
 " I surely will thee hear."

MARK, x. 22. 23.

" **H**AVE faith in God," the Saviour said,
 " Believe my record true,
 " Whate'er ye ask in faith, it shall
 " Be given unto you.

" Who bids this lofty mountain rise,
 " In faith that's firm and free,
 " It shall obey faith's mighty voice,
 " And fall in yonder sea."

Then why, my soul, art thou so slow
 To trust almighty grace ?
 Or why should ev'ry trifling change
 Thus rob thee of thy peace ?

Why art thou thus a slave to sin,
 Since faith can set thee free ?
 Why art thou then so faint and weak,
 Since faith can strengthen thee ?

Why art thou sick, since faith can cure
 The most diseased case?
 Yes, faith in Jesus' name alone
 Can give thee present ease.

Why stagger'd at the promise thus,
 Through unbelieving fears,
 Because so intricate and dark
 The providence appears?

Look to the Lord in ev'ry strait;
 Attend to what he saith,
 If of thy wishes all possess'd,
 What room were then for faith?

ISAIAH, liv. 1.

Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear, &c.

AND dost thou bid the barren sing,
 O Lord, how can it be!
 How can a barren, lifeless soul,
 Give proper praise to thee?

Send down thy influence divine,
 O breathe upon my soul,
 For much I long to praise thy name,
 But, ah! how flat and dull.

O send refreshing show'rs of grace,
 And mollify my heart,
 Establish me, nor let me from
 Thy holy law depart.

When I can praise in faith with love,
 My heart doth overflow ;
 But when thy face is hid, again
 I am o'erwhelm'd with woe.

When in thy light my path I see,
 My cares all flee away ;
 Then as a brazen mountain strong,
 Thou art my rock and stay.

Then all is well, whate'er thou send'st,
 Ev'n crosses blessings prove ;
 With joyful lips I then can sing,
 And triumph in thy love.

The past, the present, or to come,
 Alike to me appears,
 Thou God of love can'st never change,
 The same to endless years.

Then, O refresh this barren soul,
 According to thy word,
 Oh ! in this desert ope a spring,
 Ev'n from thy river, Lord.

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GEN. xxii. 14.

PRAISE God the Lord, praise, O my soul,
 And glory in his name,
 Whose mercies still to thee abound,
 From day to day the same.

But, Oh ! my lifeless languid frame
 Proves my ingrate return ;
 O quicken thou my drowsy pow'rs,
 May I thine absence mourn.

A barren heart, beyond compare,
 This night thou know'st I feel ;
 But, ah ! display thy saving pow'r,
 My sinful sickness heal.

O loose my stamm'ring tongue to praise,
 And tell of all thy grace,
 That still thou mak'st to me appear
 In ev'ry trying case.

Yes, for this reason I will joy
 In mine infirmity,
 Ev'n in my weakness, that the pow'r
 Of Christ may rest on me.

In tribulation I'd rejoice,
 That patience may increase,
 And full experience of thy pow'r,
 When saving in distress.

Ev'n now, as in the days of old,
 He on the mount is seen ;
 In pinching straits, how oft has he
 A present helper been ?

I SAM. xxx. 5. 6.

And David's two wives were taken captives, &c.

WHEN David's wives were captive led,
His heart with grief was sore oppress'd;
Yet on the Lord his soul he stay'd,
Who never fails the poor distress'd.

And was his trust to no avail?
Or did the Lord his faith despise?
Ah! no, the Lord is faithful still,
And hears the meanest faint that cries.

He bids his throbbing heart be still,
Nor, thus desponding, lose his time,
But quickly rise, pursue the host,
For vict'ry should be sure to him.

And is Jehovah still the same?
And is his ear as open now?
Then why, my soul, should'st thou complain?
Through him thou may'st have vict'ry too.

Like David, rise, and active be,
Who hope to overcome, must fight;
Then rouse thyself, thy sloth shake off,
Take courage, see thy friend in fight.

He glorious armour hath prepar'd,
And it must not lie useless by;
Then eager grasp the sword and shield,
For strength is promis'd from on high.

From night to night, thus David fought,
Though much he long'd for Beth'lem's well:
Remember life and soul's at stake;
Thy foes are pow'rful, sprung from hell.

Thy tender-hearted Captain stands
 In fight, to view the contest end ;
 Then keep thine eye of faith on him,
 And rest on this Almighty friend.

MARK, xiv. 34. 37.

*My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death.— And
 he cometh, and findeth them sleeping.*

OF pain and sickness I complain,
 And oft I murmur at my lot ;
 Because I'm friendless and forlorn,
 My mercies are by me forgot.

But here a moving scene appears,
 That ought to stop each rising sigh,
 Behold, see heav'n's Almighty King
 Hath deign'd to lay his glory by.

Full thirty years, with painful toil,
 He waited on his earthly friends ;
 For us he chose a servant's place,
 On whom the host of heav'n attends.

Three years he wander'd up and down,
 And preach'd the gospel to the poor ;
 He heal'd the sick, and cur'd the lame,
 And freely taught from door to door.

With weariness and pain oppress'd,
 With grief their stubbornness to see ;
 Yea, ev'n his own would not receive
 That great salvation offer'd free.

Yet all these things are easy borne,
 He still enjoys his Father's smile,
 But now the time is nigh at hand,
 When even that must cease a while.

Now in the garden see him bear
 The sins of men, a dreadful load !
 His soul, o'ercome, is almost sunk,
 To feel a sin-revenging God.

" My soul is sorrowful," he cries,
 " Yea, ev'n to death my spirits sink,
 " This cup of thy almighty wrath,
 " My soul oppress'd now loathes to drink."

Yet even in this awful hour,
 His faithless friends could lie and sleep ;
 Were ever sorrows, Lord, like thine ?
 Ah ! why, my eyes, do you not weep ?

O let me never more complain,
 For my afflictions are but few,
 And what they are, I have procur'd,
 From sin deriv'd in order due.

Methinks I see the crimson drops
 Bedew that now-despised face ;
 Methinks I see the thorny crown
 Press'd on, thy temples to disgrace.

Methinks I see the purple robe
 Put on thy blood-bespangled form,
 With that mock sceptre in thy hand,
 While men and devils rage and scorn.

I think thy wide expanded arms
 Nail'd to the shameful cross I see ;
 I think I hear the heavy plaint,
 " Why hath my God forsaken me ?"

O may that awful scene of woe

Be deeply graven on my heart !

May discontent no more prevail ;

O in these wounds give me a part !

O in that fountain wash my soul,

That laver only washes clean ;

I long for thy salvation, Lord,

O bathe my guilty soul therein !

ISAIAH, chap. xxvi.

THIS day my soul shall sing to God,

Good cause have I to praise,

For in the Lord's almighty strength,

My horn on high I'll raise.

Salvation will the Lord appoint,

For walls and bulwarks round ;

And though my foes against me rise,

The Lord will them confound.

When on the Lord my soul is stay'd,

My mind is kept in peace ;

Because I then trust in thy name,

I'm sav'd from all distress.

Then, O my soul, for ever trust

In great Jehovah's name ;

In him is everlasting strength,

To endless years the same.

Yea, even in thy judgements, Lord,

My soul doth wait on thee,

My soul's desire is to thy name,

None else can comfort me.

I with my soul have thee desir'd,
 My spirit longs for thee;
 Remember thou my weakness, Lord,
 For hosts encompass me.

They for my thoughtless soul lay snares,
 Too oft their guile prevails;
 I'm oft trepann'd, ere I'm aware,
 Then all my courage fails.

But, Oh! do thou ordain for me
 A solid lasting peace,
 For thou alone can'st for my soul
 Perform all right'ousness.

Do thou, by thy almighty pow'r,
 Subdue my soul to thee,
 For other lords have far too long
 Usurp'd the pow'r o'er me.

Though in the dust my soul hath lain,
 O make it rise and sing!
 O cause the dew on me descend!
 Renew the chearful spring.

O in thy chambers hide me, Lord,
 Until thy wrath be o'er;
 In thy pavilion hide my soul,
 Nor let me wander more.

The Lord shall from his place come forth,
 Ah! if his wrath arise,
 The earth's inhabitants shall wail,
 Who do his law despise.

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NEHEMIAH, ii. 4.

For what dost thou make request?

L ORD, once again, as oft before,
 I make request to thee,
 That I thy pow'r to save may feel,
 And thy salvation see.

From all my fancy's airy flights,
 O save me by thy pow'r;
 O Lord, stand by my tempted soul,
 In fierce temptation's hour.

That thou would'st form my heart anew,
 Is my sincere request;
 Oh! raise my grov'ling soul above
 The perishable beast.

O set the rock again abroad,
 Make contrite waters flow;
 Oh! for my late misconduct, Lord,
 Do thou forgiveness show.

My Babel buildings, Lord, throw down,
 Do, Lord, my mind compose;
 Oh! heal the wound that sin has made,
 Again let me rejoice.

O give me grace, I humbly pray,
 Thy name to magnify;
 Oh! Lord, create my heart anew,
 And make me live to thee.

Oh! give the praying spirit, Lord,
 Cast out each slavish fear;
 That I may glorify thy name,
 Is my request sincere.

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NEHEMIAH, ii. 4.

So I prayed unto the God of heaven.

O GRACIOUS GOD, that hear'st the cry
Of all that are with grief oppress'd,
Who seest from far the rising sigh,
And sett'st the troubled heart at rest.

Who heard'st thy servant's humble pray'r,
And gav'st him favour with the king;
Who did fulfil his heart's desire,
And thine own counsels forth did bring.

Thou surely still remain'st the same,
And still regard'st the pray'r of faith,
And wilt the just desire fulfil
Of all that called on thee hath.

Then O vouchsafe to answer me,
And sanctify this sinful heart;
This is according to thy will;
Then, O thy spirit, Lord, impart.

To thee, O Lord, I lift my soul;
I pray thee send thy quick'ning pow'r;
Repentance unto life bestow;
O may I to the end endure.

Leave not my thoughtless soul to stray
In sinful paths, that lead to death,
But guide me through this stormy sea;
Restrain the arrows of thy wrath.

MARK, xiv. 22.

*And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed
and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying,
Take, eat, this is my body.*

AND did'st thou, O thou loving Saviour,
Think on us at such a time?
May I improve this dying favour,
Think upon this love of thine.

Oh ! could'st thou thus thy friends remember,
In the view of such distress?
Then sure, my soul, the Lord will never
Leave thee in this wilderness.

Oh ! think, my soul, what strong compassion
In his tender heart must reign ;
O may I prove thy full salvation,
Kindle, Lord, the flame divine.

" This bread, says he, presents my body,
" Which for you I now lay down ;
" Then take, and eat the rich provision,
" Strength for trials great you'll own."

The cordial cup he likewise gave them,
Present faith and hope to aid ;
" This is the cup which I have blessed ;
" Drink ye all of it," he said.

" This is my blood, and shed for many,
" Life I'll yield upon the tree ;
" Use not my dying favour vainly,
" When you do it, think on me."

Oh ! may I, Lord, this day receive thee ;
 Unto my soul thyself make known ;
 O an assured token give me,
 Thou wilt chuse me for thine own.

Oh ! represent, O Lord, I pray thee,
 What was suffer'd on the tree ;
 O may I, Lord, by faith behold thee,
 Yielding up thy life for me.

O may I have the view transforming !
 Let thy mind in me appear !
 Remove, O Lord, this cause of mourning,
 Bless me with an heart sincere.

CANT. ii. 3.

*I sat down under his shadow, and his fruit was
 sweet to my taste.*

YES, surely in thy shade I sat,
 And felt thy pow'r display'd ;
 Thy word was sweet unto my soul,
 My heart on thee was stay'd.

No murmurs dar'd to break my peace,
 My froward heart was won,
 And all my pow'rs with pleasure said,
 " Father, thy will be done."

If e'er with treasure thou me bless,
 I'd serve thee with thy own ;
 If poverty be still my lot,
 " Father, thy will be done."

If thou prolong'st my wasting days,
 Chearful my race I'll run ;
 But if thou shortly call me hence,
 Father, thy will be done.

If I am blest'd with balmy health,
 I'll view thee as the spring ;
 To thee who all my pains reliev'd'st,
 I'll joyful praises sing.

But if affliction still remain,
 Of choice I would have none ;
 But freely I'll to thee submit,
 And say, " Thy will be done."

While favour'd with a Pisgah view,
 And with thy presence blest'd,
 My feet with safe obedience mov'd,
 My wishes I express'd.

But if again thou hid'st thy face,
 And Satan loosed be,
 My plighted vows will go for nought,
 I'll give myself the lie.

But O prevent it, Lord, I pray,
 Nor let me fall again ;
 O may I to thy glory live,
 While being doth remain.

For though my tongue hath promis'd fair,
 I nothing can fulfil,
 Unless thou form'st my soul anew,
 And rectify'st my will.

LUKE, XV. 18.

I will arise, and go to my Father.

I WITH the prodigal, O Lord,
Have wander'd in a dream;
I left the fountain of all blifs,
And thirsted for the stream.

Thy bounteous gifts I have abus'd,
The gifts of love divine;
I fain would feed upon the husks,
Prepared for the swine;

Yea, when deny'd, I blam'd the Lord,
For dealing hard with me;
With lot displeas'd, I murmur'd fore,
Nor could the evil see.

But by thy grace brought to myself,
With him, I fain would turn,
With him, repenting I would speak,
And o'er my folly mourn.

With him, O Lord, I freely own
I've sinned in thy sight;
No farther favours I deserve,
Thou might'st me cast off quite.

But mercy, Lord, is thy delight,
Thou dost thy favour show;
Then by thy grace I will arise,
And to my Father go.

'Gainst thee, thee only, I have sinn'd,
And forfeited thy grace;
But grant, O Lord, that I may fill
A servant's humble place.

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LUKE, i. 47. 48.

My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, because he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden.

YES ! Lord, I'll glorify thy name ;
 In thee I will rejoice,
 That pity'd me in my distress,
 And heard my plaintive voice.

I'll praise thee for preventing grace,
 In fierce temptation's hour,
 When Satan stood at my right-hand,
 Me ready to devour.

When in this howling wilderness
 I stray'd without a path,
 Thou did'st prevent my wand'ring feet,
 And sav'dst my soul from death.

When thirsting after empty toys,
 That would my soul destroy,
 Thou did'st with-hold the pois'nous draught ;
 In thee I'll therefore joy.

O give me, Lord, a grateful heart,
 Let praises fill my tongue ;
 By men and angels both, O Lord,
 For me let praise be sung.

These happy spirits, I am sure,
 Have oft assisted me,
 And often witnesses have been
 Of my perplexity.

By thee commision'd, oft they flew
To bring my soul relief ;
And did my spirit oft support,
When sinking under grief.

And now they'll praise, I know they will ;
In heaven there is joy
Over this ransom'd soul of mine,
Which Satan did decoy.

With grateful tears, Lord, I will praise ;
O let the torrent flow !
I bless thee for the pleasant streams,
Refreshing as they go.

Thee, lovely Saviour, I will praise,
Who shedd'st thy blood for me ;
I bless thee for the purple stream,
Descending from the tree.

For me thy head was crown'd with thorns,
Thine hands with nails were torn ;
For me thy sacred side was pierc'd,
Thou treated wast with scorn.

For me thou yielded'st up the ghost :
Thou tasted'st death for me :
Oh ! may my moments all be spent
In giving thanks to thee.

O in my soul take up thy rest,
And ever in it dwell !
O for thyself prepare a place,
And say thou lik'st it well !

Oh ! Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
In me make thine abode ;
Oh ! make me glorious all within,
A temple fit for God.

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Let other lords no more assume
 The vict'ry over me ;
 For I believe, that all throughout
 Thou can'st me sanctify.

ISAIAH, chap. xii.

THIS day, Lord, I will praise thy name,
 That pity had'st on me ;
 Though thou wast angry with me once,
 Yet now thou comfort'st me.

Behold, God my salvation is,
 For ever to endure ;
 He also my deliv'rer is,
 My refuge most secure.

Then let my thirsty soul with joy
 These cooling waters draw,
 Ev'n from salvation's boundless wells,
 With reverential awe.

Yes, I will say, Praise ye the Lord,
 And call upon his name ;
 For I his doings will declare,
 And magnify the same.

Sing to the Lord, for he hath done
 Things wonderful for me ;
 Let this be known to all around ;
 His name exalted be.

Let Zion's children shout for joy ;
 For in the midst of thee,
 The Holy One of Isra'l dwells,
 And thine own God is he.

And, O my soul, do thou rejoice,
 For great thy mercies be ;
 O let his glory be thy aim,
 Who oft hath rescu'd thee.

O may it be my happy lot,
 To praise while I have breath,
 And wake to sing with all my pow'rs,
 For ever after death.

Permit me, Lord, to join the choir
 That on Mount Sion stand ;
 Teach me that new, that pleasant song,
 That glads that happy land.

MATTH. iv. 8.

*Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding
 high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms
 of the world, and the glory of them.*

AND durst thou, O thou arch-deceiver,
 Tempt thy Maker to his face ?
 How could'st thou think that he would ever
 Stoop to trifles mean and base.

For what are all the world's treasures
 To him who made both earth and sky ?
 And ev'n that vast sulphureous cavern,
 Where thy fellows with thee lie.

But pity, Lord, thy weakest creature,
 Hear, when on thee I do call ;
 O save me from the pow'r of pleasure !
 Let it not my heart enthrall.

Thou only know'st what empty visions
 Are presented to my view ;
 Break, O Lord, each dark delusion,
 Which would soon my soul undo.

Lord, array me with thy armour ;
 Cover'd with this coat of mail,
 I may undaunted meet each terror,
 Though the hosts of hell assail.

O let not, Lord, my fancy wander !
 Stay my thoughts on thee alone !
 To thee my all I would surrender ;
 Cause of doubt sure I have none.

O sanctify imagination !
 Fruitful source of all my pain ;
 I long, Lord, for thy full salvation,
 May I solid rest attain.

O Lord, repel the arch-deceiver,
 May I ne'er be led astray ;
 O may my judgment no more waver ;
 Fix my choice on thee alway.

Thy love alone yields solid pleasure,
 Creatures can't its place supply ;
 O from this unexhausted treasure
 Longing souls, Lord, satisfy.

JOB, iv. 5.

*But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest;
it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.*

IN my prosperity I said,
My mountain standeth sure,
My hope upon the Lord is stay'd,
And ever shall endure.

I said, I'll surely praise his name,
As long as I have breath,
To him I will commit myself,
Whether for life or death.

Or health or sickness be my lot,
His cross I will not shun ;
I'll calmly to the Lord submit,
And say, " Thy will be done."

How quick these happy moments flew,
When praise was my delight,
But now my harp is quite unstrung,
My day is turn'd to night.

But why, my soul, art thou cast down,
Or in me so dismay'd ?
Ev'n now may all thy confidence
Upon the Lord be stay'd.

The cup that thou art call'd to drink,
Was mixed by his hand,
And sure the wise physician does
For ever near thee stand.

If pining sickness waste thy strength,
'Tis only for thy good,
He hath no pleasure in thy pain ;
Trust, then, him for thy food.

Though sickly days, and weary nights,
 At present be thy lot,
 Without a friendly hand to soothe,
 And ev'n by all forgot.

What though neglected and forlorn,
 Thou spend'st thy lonely days,
 Without a peaceful resting-place,
 Yet hear what Jesus says.

He who is sov'reign of the sky,
 Jehovah's only Son,
 Was poorer still, while here on earth,
 He comforters had none.

Though wylie foxes have their holes,
 And birds their nests prepare,
 The lowly Lamb had no abode,
 But wander'd here and there.

And wilt thou not, my soul, submit
 To drink with patient lip,
 Affliction's bitter mingled wine,
 In such sweet fellowship?

Away with all distracting fears,
 The Lord will still provide;
 He'll surely be thy God while here;—
 To death he'll be thy guide.

O Lord, be pleas'd to come thyself,
 Along with ev'ry cross;
 When thou art present, all is well;
 For gain I count my loss.

In losing thee, what gain I have
 Is dearly bought indeed;
 Oh! manifest thyself to me,
 No other good I need.

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O give me patience to endure
 What thou appoint'st for me,
 Nor let me murmur at the rod,
 But closer cleave to thee.

Once more, I pray thee, patience give,
 And send thy Spirit down ;
 Oh ! give me, Lord, the pow'r of pray'r,
 And my petitions own.

MATTH. v. 8.

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see
 God.*

YES, blest'd beyond description they
 Whose hearts are pure within,
 Who feel the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 No more the slaves of sin.

Such hearts a proper temple is,
 The Spirit to receive,
 And in them he will gladly rest,
 For nothing shall him grieve.

Jehovah's love abundantly
 In them is shed abroad,
 For such the father dearly loves,
 With such is his abode.

The Father, Son, and Spirit, here
 Take up their lasting home.—
 Who can such riches estimate,
 Or count the mighty sum ?

Yes, blest'd they are beyond compare,
 For nought shall them annoy ;
 For now the curse is all remov'd,
 Nought can their peace destroy.

They to the Lord their all commit,
 Nor disappointment know ;
 Their will is sweetly lost in his,
 They rest secure from woe.

'Tis true, while in this earth they dwell,
 And in this mortal frame,
 They tribulation do expect,
 But glory in the same.

Though chain'd in dungeons, they can sing,
 For Jesus still is nigh ;
 He does all their afflictions feel,
 And saves them when they cry.

The fierce voracious beasts of prey ~
 Are passive in his hands ;
 When he forbids, the raging flames
 Can only burn their bands.

What though the fig-tree should not bloom,
 Nor fruit the vine should yield ?
 What though the olive's labour fail,
 Nor herbage grace the field ?

What though the flocks were all cut off,
 The folds were all destroy'd ;
 Though sweeping desolation waste,
 And leave an empty void ?

The happy soul, absorb'd in God,
 Will rest in calm repose,
 He still will glory in his God,
 And in his name rejoice.

PSAL. xvii. 15.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

WHEN in thy likeness I awake,
I shall thy glory see,
With peace, and love, and holy joy,
My soul shall filled be.

When in thy likeness I awake,
I shall no more repine;
Thy law will then be my delight,
My will be lost in thine.

When in thy likeness I awake,
I shall with beauty shine;
My glorious cloathing then shall be
Thy right'ousness divine.

When in thy likeness I awake,
My strength shall be renew'd,
My pleasant labour then shall be,
To praise thy name aloud.

When in thy likeness I awake,
Sin shall no more remain,
Thy grace shall over all prevail,
For all my foes are slain.

When in thy likeness I awake,
Earth's grandeur I'll despise,
And empty toys shall then no more
Dazzle my happy eyes.

When shall this glorious morning dawn?
When shall my Lord appear,
And make a final end of sin?
The sweet Sabbath year!

LUKE, xxi. 15.

*And he said unto them, With desire I have desired
to eat the passover with you before I suffer.*

MY soul, with admiration see
The love of Jesus for his saints;
Such still are precious in his eye,
He kindly hears their heavy plaints.

With what desire he looked forth
To this last painful interview:
"Yea, with desire I have desir'd
To eat this passover with you.

I now must tell you tidings sad,
Though these be painful to your ear,
That I shall shortly take my leave;
Yet do not yield to groundless fear.

Think not I'll leave you all alone,
The Comforter I'll send you soon,
And he will all that's needful teach,
And soothe your grief when I am gone."

Bless, O my soul, the Lord on high,
That ever deign'd to stoop so low,
This great salvation celebrate;
And to his altar cheerful go.

Yes, Lord, thou know'st with what desire
I have desir'd to drink this cup;
This, Lord, I pray vouchsafe to bless;
For this to thee I will look up.

O disappoint my artful foe,
And break each snare that's in my way!
To rove and wander leave me not,
But keep my feeble soul, I pray.

Lovely Jesus, would'st thou ask me,
 What I would have thee do for me?
 'Tis holiness that I desire,
 And sweet communion still with thee.

O Lord, transform this heart, I pray,
 And give me faith to overcome;
 Upon me let thy dew distil;
 Come, O thou Spirit, quickly come!

2 CHRON. XX. 12.

*For we have no might against this great company
 that cometh up against us; neither know we
 what to do: But our eyes are upon thee.*

YES, unto thee, O Lord, I look,
 Nor let me look in vain,
 Because I have no pow'r to stand,
 Against these foes of mine.

But do thou, Lord, once more arise,
 And on my side appear;
 For if thou dost not, I may fold
 My hands in dark despair.

Because I have no pow'r to fight,
 No feet have I to flee;
 Therefore I have no room for hope,
 But when I trust in thee.

Nor could I look to thee for help,
 Nor supplicate thy aid,
 Had not thy promise free been giv'n.
 And help on Jesus laid.

O Lord, I feel my inmost soul
Is fill'd with vanity ;
Forgive, O Lord, my treach'rous deeds,
And freely pardon me.

Create, O Lord, my heart anew,
And wash away my sin ;
O let no idol in it rest,
Nor seize thy place within.

Once more I pray thee, Lord, appear,
And disappoint my fears ;
May love to thee alone prevail,
And break all Satan's snares.

O Jesus ! look with pity down,
And bring me quick relief,
For well thou all my wand'rings know'st,
And causes of my grief.

REV. xiv. 6.

*And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven,
having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them
that dwell on the earth, and to every nation,
and kindred, and tongue, and people.*

O LORD, thou know'st my soul exults
To see thy kingdom coming fast ;
Soon may thy glory fill the earth,
And opposition yield at last.

Soon may the kingdoms of the earth,
Thy Father's gift, thy sceptre own ;
May Superstition's chains give place,
And ev'ry Dagon now fall down.

On thy white horse do thou appear,
 And conqu'ring, still to conquer go;
 That thou art only God alone,
 Oh ! make the blinded nations know.

O blefs these messengers of peace,
 Gone forth to spread the joyful sound,
 O back their word with pow'r divine,
 And cause their joy in thee abound.

Cement them in the bonds of love,
 Oh ! may they all unite in one ;
 May baneful jars no more be heard,
 In cordial friendship make them join.

The ship that bears the sacred trust,
 To thee, O Jesus, I commend,
 With balmy breezes fill her sails,
 Safe may she reach the distant land.

O reign supreme, eternal King,
 Let Satan now be put to shame ;
 Ah ! from his cruel servile yoke,
 Deliver those that fear thy name.

PSAL. cxii. 7.

*He shall not be afraid of evil tidings ; his heart is
fixed, trusting in the Lord.*

UPON thee, O thou sinner's stay,
My trust is plac'd alone,
What can arise to cause dismay ?
What can my comforts drown ?

When favour'd with thy gracious light,
I then can cleave to thee,
And rest assur'd that all events
Shall work for good to me.

No evil tidings then I fear,
For nought can come in vain,
My heart is fix'd on thee, O Lord,
And I can all sustain.

In all times past, I can declare,
The Lord did all things well ;
For time to come I'll boldly trust,
With mind serene and still.

Nothing with him's impossible,
My God is my strong rock,
For all things into being came,
When he the word but spoke.

I thus can hope, and will believe,
That I shall yet receive
A cure for this diseased soul,
And to his glory live.

And though an obstinate complaint
Cleaves to this feeble frame,
Yet nothing is impossible,
When I look up to him.

But when a cloud obscures my sky,
 My hopes all sink again,
 Thy ways with me seem dark and hard,
 And then I soon complain.

But this is mine infirmity,
 Forgive it, Lord, I pray,
 And to these dark desponding fears
 May I no more give way.

O perfect what concerneth me,
 Nor may my hope be lost ;
 O let me not ashamed be,
 For in thee do I trust.

Fulfil my ev'ry right'ous wish,
 My wants to thee are known ;
 I want but little here below,
 Yet do that want bemoan.

Yes, Lord, thou know'st I something want
 Thou only can'st bestow,
 And if thou will'st, that is enough,
 Though all the earth say no.

O do this day a token give,
 Thou wilt this want supply !
 O show thy glory and thy pow'r !
 And fill my heart with joy.

The season's now again return'd,
 When twice thou did'st appear,
 And mad'st my chearful heart to sing,
 I found thy presence near.

Again my expectation's rais'd,
 To meet some new display ;
 Again indulge my fervent wish,
 In thine own gracious way.

I will not yield to unbelief,
Should'st thou this suit deny,
But resting on thy former word,
Thy name will glorify.

For oft my soul hath been refresh'd,
By trusting, Lord, in thee,
Ev'n in the darkest gloom of night,
When I could nothing see.

NEHEM. ii. 2.

*Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick?
This is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then
was I very sore afraid.*

AND could an earthly Prince not bear
His servant in his presence frown,
Although before him heretofore
His looks had never been cast down ?

Then why, I ask, this sullen gloom ?

Allow a sister to inquire,
Should not the servants of our King,
A far more chearful aspect wear ?

What is the cause of your complaint ?

I hope my brother will forgive,
Nor take offence, for I am sure,
If in my pow'r I would relieve.

Why are you lean from day to day ?

Ah ! why reproach your master thus ?

Sure he provides an ample board,
Is there not plenty in his house ?

Your Master, did I say ? forgive ;
 No, he allows a nearer claim,
 He is your Father reconcil'd,
 And bids you leave your cares to him.

Your elder Brother sees with grief,
 The healthful cup by you refus'd ;
 The Holy Spirit's also griev'd,
 To see his favours thus abus'd.

How should the scriptures be fulfil'd,
 If all things smoothly glided on ?
 The Lord would never lift us up,
 If he should never cast us down.

If sickness never were our lot,
 How could we know his healing pow'r ?
 Nor could we join the chearful song,
 For saving in temptation's hour.

He has not promis'd in his word,
 The tempter never shall assail,
 But, trusting in him, has declar'd
 He over us shall not prevail.

Methinks I hear you now reply,
 " My troubles have another spring ;
 It was no stranger me reproach'd,
 Or that had been an easy thing.

But faithless friends deceived me,
 My mother's sons have prov'd my bane ;
 How can I then but grieved be,
 For all my former joys are slain."

But stop, dear brother, not so fast,
 But think on him that bled for thee,
 Who trod the wine-press all alone ;
 To him thou must conformed be.

When pride would raise thy discontent,
 Turn, and behold th' accursed tree ;
 Behold the Lord's eternal Son,
 Whom God and man forsook for thee !
 O may my soul for ever dwell
 Upon the view, adoring thee :
 Deliver me from discontent,
 And plant an humble mind in me.

HEB. xi. 33:

Who through faith obtained promises.

BESTOW, O Lord, this living faith,
 This conqu'ring grace I do implore,
 That credits ev'ry word of thine :
 O let a doubt arise no more !

May I these promises obtain,
 Which in thy holy word abound ;
 May I solace my soul therein ;
 O may I know the joyful sound !
 A heart of flesh thou promis'd hast,
 O take away the heart of stone ;
 Fulfil, O Lord, thy gracious word ;
 Help me to build my hope thereon.

Lord, thou hast promis'd in thy word,
 To sprinkle me with water clean ;
 Help me t'apply thy gracious word,
 And fix my steady faith therein.

Thou wilt the just desires fulfil
 Of all that truly fear thy name,
 In all their troubles ever near,
 Thou said'st thou would'st deliver them.

Oh ! in my heart, Lord, put thy fear,
 Thus thou hast promised to me ;
 Oh ! to thy door-posts nail mine ear,
 Nor let me e'er depart from thee.

My ev'ry idol to remove,
 Thou also hast thy promise past ;
 Fulfil the same, O Lord, I pray ;
 O reign supreme in me at last !

But thou hast said I must inquire,
 'To pray'r the promises belong ;
 Then, O the praying spirit give !
 Enlarge my heart, and loose my tongue.

Thou know'st and see'st I nothing have ;
 I live on thee from day to day ;
 The poor, O Lord, thy promise crave,
 The rich are empty sent away.

With confidence, O Lord, I claim
 My portion in thy dying will,
 Ev'n in these gifts thou did'st receive
 For those 'gainst thee that did rebel.

Thou, Lord, from heaven did'st descend,
 To seek and save the straying sheep ;
 My case to thee, Lord, I commend ;
 My feeble soul vouchsafe to keep.

Though sin has my poor soul o'ercome,
 For sin thou wast an off'ring made ;
 Since, Lord, thou'st conquer'd in my room,
 Therefore in thee will I be glad.

Though weak and impotent I am,
 Yet in thy strength I'll brave the foe ;
 Wisdom I lack, wisdom I claim,
 Assur'd thou'lt it on me bestow.

Though I be blind, and blind I am,
 Yet I shall surely find my way,
 For thou wilt lead me by the hand,
 Nor leave me in this wild to stray.

Or if, as I have often done,
 Again I wander from thy fold,
 Again thy mercy will be shown,
 Thou wilt bring back, and me uphold.

It was free love, when dead in sin,
 That mov'd thee, Lord, to quicken me ;
 Thy love shall still remain the same,
 For change can have no place in thee.

Yet oft, alas ! sin veils thy face,
 And draws a gloomy cloud between ;
 Sin only can destroy my peace,
 Else would I rest calm and serene.

2 COR. iv. 8.

We are perplexed, but not in despair.

THIS truth my soul hath lately felt,
 When darkness did surround,
 The tempter did assault my peace,
 And did me sore confound.

Perplex'd I was, and sore dismay'd,
 Nor knew I where to turn,
 My feeble soul was much afraid,
 And did in darkness mourn.

Yet secretly the Lord upheld,
 Nor left me to despond,

And he the fiery storm dispel'd,
And made my peace abound.

This promise open'd to my view,
I did its fulness see,
"None in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall e'er confounded be."

This, Lord, thou know'st is all my hope,
On this my soul doth stay,
And by thy grace I'll hold it fast,
Nor throw my shield away.

Why in my heart should thoughts arise?
Ah! why give place to fear?
My treasure's hid above the skies,
My only portion's there.

All that the Lord hath promis'd here,
He surely will fulfil;
E'en as my faith, so shall it be,
His word is faithful still.

MATTH. xiv. 30.

But, when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

HOW oft have I, as Peter did,
Desired what I could not bear,
Untry'd, I conquer and prevail,
But fail if danger once appear.

'Tis true, while to the Lord I look,
My heart is kept in steady poise;
But when on him I turn my back,
Anon the billows swell and rise.

My strongest faith gives way to fears,
 As gloomy through my thoughts they roll ;
 In all such trials, Lord, be near,
 And stay the tempest in my soul.

When in thy light myself I view,
 I cry, Unholy and unclean !
 And, ah ! if others saw me too,
 They surely would the wretch disdain.

Yet pride, that sterling badge of hell,
 Deceives me ere I am aware ;
 The least neglect how quick I feel !
 And keen resentment does appear.

Then angry passions next succeed,
 And low'ring clouds hang o'er my mind ;
 From nature springs this hellish brood,
 An impress of th' infernal fiend.

O had I but a humble heart !
 O had I but a lowly mind !
 These precious gifts, O Lord, impart ;
 To thee be ev'ry wish resign'd.

ACTS, xxvii. 25.

*For I believe God, that it shall be even as it was
told me.*

SO shall it be, I know it shall,
For God can never lie,
And faith is his own proper gift,
His work he'll not deny.

Firm as mount Zion shall they rest,
Who on his pow'r rely,
And stedfast as the solid rocks,
The pow'rs of hell defy.

The words that from his lips proceed,
Shall all fulfilled be ;
And faith all pow'rful shall receive
Whate'er she wills from thee.

"Ask but in faith for what ye will,"
The loving Saviour said,
This word I pray thee, Lord, fulfil,
And I'll be blest indeed.

A heart renew'd's the greatest gift
I can receive below,
And thou that form'dst it at the first
Can'st make it new, I know.

This thou hast freely promised,
I know thou art sincere ;
And for this gift I humbly plead,
O thou that hearest pray'r.

Though oft I find my grov'ling soul
Engross'd by earthly toys ;
Content with these, I never feel ;
I must have solid joys.

PSAL. lxii. 8.

Trust in him at all times.

AS in a changing vernal day,
 The clouds again return,
 So is my soul again o'erwhelm'd,
 And left my case to mourn.

But why, my soul, art thou cast down ?
 Or why distracted thus ?
 Unto thy strong hold turn again,
 For there thy safety is.

Trust thou in God, and rest assur'd
 Thou shalt his glory see ;
 In all thy troubles on him call,
 He will deliver thee.

Why should surmises break thy peace ?
 Why thus give up thy shield ?
 Since all-prevailing pray'r can claim
 The vict'ry on the field.

'Tis for the trial of thy faith ;
 Then rest in patient hope ;
 When God has his design fulfill'd,
 He'll make the tempter stop.

Ah ! why should trifles of a day
 Corrode thy anxious mind ?
 Awake, my soul, to right'ousness,
 Let not thy fear thee blind.

Shall Satan calmly thee deceive,
 With foolish empty toys ?
 Asham'd return, in Christ believe,
 For more substantial joys.

In Jesus' name thou may'st defy
 The joint assaults of hell ;
 Be strong in faith, unto him cry,
 He'll all its hosts repel.

PSAL. cxix. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted.

YES, surely it is good for me
 I have afflicted been,
 For by it, Lord, thou'st hedg'd me in,
 And sav'd me oft from sin.
 Though disappointments oft I meet,
 And oft my will is cross'd,
 And oft my very soul is pain'd,
 With anxious cares engross'd ;
 Yet when the Lord is pleas'd to smile
 Upon my soul again,
 I see 'tis mine infirmity,
 And straight the sigh restrain.
 In thee, O Lord, I know, I feel,
 Sweet genuine peace is found ;
 When upon thee my heart is fix'd,
 How do my joys abound !
 Yea, ev'n in mine infirmity
 I gladly then can joy,
 When by thy staff thou me support'st,
 Nothing can me annoy.

But when I'm left alone to grope,
 Deserted and forlorn,
 My feeble soul cannot endure,
 But sinks, by sin o'erborne.

For then these savage beasts of prey
 Awake, and stalk abroad,
 Legion their name, I feel it such,
 Deserted of my God.

In ev'ry trial, Lord, uphold
 This feeble soul of mine ;
 My suff'rings to thy will I'd leave :
 O save my soul from sin.

O keep me in affliction's hour !
 Leave me not all alone ;
 O give me patience, Lord, to bear,
 And say, " Thy will be done."

PSAL. lvii. 7.

I will sing, and give praise.

A WAKE, my soul, and sing
 Of Jesus, and his grace;
 O Lord, vouchsafe the song;
 O tune my heart to praise!

Sure I have cause to praise,
 Beyond the common lot;
 Let not his sov'reign grace
 Be e'er by me forgot.

O praise the Father's love,
 That gave his Son to death;
 And praise the Son that died,
 To save his saints from wrath.

The Holy Spirit praise,
 That came to comfort me;
 O praise, and never cease,
 The sacred One and Three.

His mercy also praise,
 So sov'reign and so free,
 Sure this is wond'rous grace,
 That ev'n extends to me.

When in myself undone,
 Without both pow'r and will,
 Nor skill had I to chuse
 The good, or shun the ill.

Yet even then he deign'd
 To me a look of love;
 Oh! all the earth him praise,
 And all the hosts above.

O praise the Lord with me,
 Ye ransom'd by his pow'r!
 O may we all agree
 T'extol him ev'ry hour!

HEB. iv. 16.

*Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of
 grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find
 grace to help us in time of need.*

LORD, may my soul to thee draw near,
 Ev'n after all that I have done?

And will thy grace to me appear?

Wilt thou revive my soul anon?

Thy kind command I would obey,

By faith besiege thy gracious throne,

But folly draws my soul away,

And chains me down to earth again.

Day after day thus passes on,

And precious time makes no delay;

Year after year is quickly gone,

Rolls round, and silent steals away.

Help me, O Lord, in humble case,

I raise my voice, and call on thee;

O hear, and from thine holy place,

Haste to give help and strength to me.

The throne of grace is ever free,

'Tis open always for access;

O Lord, thy Spirit give to me,

And then with confidence me bless.

No other pray'r can yield its fruit,
 But what thy Sp'rit indited hath ;
 Thy Spirit must present my suit,
 Ev'n through thy all-atoning death.

Then send thy Holy Spirit, lo,
 According to thy gracious word ;
 Oh ! do these precious gifts bestow,
 Which thou hast purchased, O Lord.

O Lord, in ev'ry time of need,
 Vouchsafe to me all needful grace ;
 May I be by thy Spirit led
 In ev'ry dark and trying case.

ISA. lv. 2.

*Wherefore do you spend money for that which is
 not bread, and your labour for that which sa-
 tisfieth not ?*

WHY is it so ? with shame I ask,
 I still myself deceive,
 For nothing still my time I waste,
 Though hast'ning to the grave.

These mortal seeds lodg'd in my frame,
 Which must destroy at length,
 Give solemn warning to prepare,
 As they increase in strength.

Though nought below gives solid peace
 To this immortal mind,
 And though each passing vanity
 Is lighter than the wind ;

Yet so depraved is my taste,
 I nestle here beneath,
 And eager grasp the empty air
 With ev'ry fleeting breath.

O give the ear, Lord, to attend
 To thy most sacred word ;
 May I my ways consider well,
 To counsels wise accord.

Then would my soul be satisfy'd
 With finest of the wheat,
 Nor would I more the husks desire,
 Design'd for swine to eat.

Then I thy resurrection's pow'r
 Would sweetly feel and know,
 For then my soul to thee would live,
 And would thy mercy show.

Open my heart, O Lord, I pray,
 Thy counsel to receive ;
 O help me, Lord, to look to thee
 In ev'ry strait, and live.

PSAL. lxii. 1.

*Truly my soul waiteth upon God, from him cometh
my salvation.*

YES, Lord, my soul doth on thee wait,
From thee is all my hope,
For ev'ry urgent want I feel
To thee I will look up.

Vain do I find it is to trust
In ought beneath the sun,
For when I most need their relief,
They all are fled and gone.

But God alone is my defence,
He is my rock and stay,
In him I'll place my confidence;
Nor will he let me stray.

'Tis true, I stray continually,
And ramble from the fold;
Yet still he seeks the wand'ring sheep,
Nor will he quit his hold.

O Lord, in thee I'll ever trust,
And I will praise thee still,
Who hear'st my feeble pray'r, and send'st
Help from thy holy hill.

Again, O Lord; I felt thy pow'r;
Support thy feeble child;
And even far beyond my thought,
Thou mad'st the proud to yield.

And now, O Lord, fulfil my joy;
Ev'n shed in me abroad
Thy purest love, and make my heart
A temple fit for God.

O may I to thy glory live !
 O send thy Spirit down !
 O quicken, Lord, this lifeless soul !
 Thy pow'r in me make known.

PSAL. xxxiv. 4.

*I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered
 me from all my fears.*

YES, in my troubles thee I sought,
 And thou did'st hear, O Lord,
 Therefore in all my future fears,
 I'll rest upon thy word.

The Lord upheld my feeble soul,
 And hush'd my unbelief ;
 And on his word my heart was stay'd,
 From all unlawful grief.

O come, and let us praise the Lord,
 Exalt his name with me ;
 Let us together laud his name,
 For great his mercies be.

Surely the angel of the Lord
 Is round about me still,
 Of me, O Lord, give him a charge,
 So keep me safe he will.

O bless me with a grateful heart !
 Let praise my time employ ;
 For in the Lord I'll make my boast,
 And in him I will joy.

For surely still the Lord will save,
 Nor will his mercy fail;
 And though my troubles should abound,
 Despair shall not prevail.

Because my soul himself hath taught
 To rest upon his word,
 And while I live, I'll try to trust
 And lean upon the Lord.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
 But that thy pow'r may be
 Made on my feeble soul to rest,
 And men thy glory see.

JOHN xiv. 6.

*Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth,
 and the life: No man cometh unto the Father,
 but by me.*

YES, Lord, thou art the living way,
 In which our souls must come to God:
 But poor blind man will grope in vain,
 And never find the sacred road.

O Lord, conduct my wand'ring soul
 Into this new and living way,
 For till the Father give me pow'r,
 My soul will ever err and stray.

In Jesus' all-prevailing name,
 I ask, nor let me ask in vain,
 Father, to know thine only Son,
 Restore my languid soul again.

O may thy Holy Spirit guide !

O may he teach me all thy will !

This is thy dying promise, Lord,
I pray thee, now thy word fulfil.

O plant in me an humble mind !

Take up in me thy lasting home ;

Subdue the tyrant in my breast,
And in me may thy kingdom come.

Yes, may thy kingdom come, I pray,

Thou know'st for this I on thee wait ;

Thou know'st for this my spirit pants,
For this I'll ever supplicate.

O answer, Lord, this one request,

May all thy mind within me dwell ;

In prosp'rous state I'll praise thy name,

And when thou frown'st, I'll say, 'Tis well.

JOHN xi. 25.

*Jesus saith unto her, He that believeth on me,
though he were dead, yet shall he live.*

O SEND thy Spirit from above,
Which quickens souls, though dead in sin !
O give me, Lord, that look of love !
An holy flame kindle within.
Myself I feel both cold and dead,
Thy holy day I've spent in vain ;
O grant me, Lord, the grace I need !
Do thou revive my soul again.
O may the heav'nly Dove descend !
O may he still with me remain !
May I his motions all attend ;
May he revive my soul again.
O shine upon thy sacred word !
Remove the vail that hangs between ;
O may thy pow'r appear, O Lord !
Do thou revive my soul again.
Let not my famish'd spirit starve ;
O feed me in these pastures green !
Though nought my service can thee serve,
Yet O revive my soul again !
O may I feel the pow'r of faith,
That can remove this mountain, sin ;
It turns away Jehovah's wrath,
And calls the dead to life again.
That faith that sweetly works by love,
And makes the foulest sinner clean,
That still new succours from above
Derives, and triumphs over sin.

To faith the promise does belong,
 And shall, while heaven doth remain ;
 Through faith I'll raise the joyful song :
 Increase my faith, Lord, and maintain.

PSAL. xliii. 5.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? &c.

A H ! why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 What cause hast thou to grieve ?

The counsels of the Lord shall stand ;

Fear not, Oh ! still believe.

Who fear his name may rest in hope,

They shall be satisfy'd,

For they shall want no real good,

That do in him confide.

May ev'ry anxious thought be hush'd,

The Lord will yet appear ;

Leave still to him the way and time,

Nor yield to needless care.

Be strong in faith, and glory give,

The promise yet remains ;

Shall vain conjectures break thy peace,

While great Jehovah reigns ?

With him alone thou hast to do ;

Then cast thy fears aside,

Follow thou always as he leads,

Fear not to trust thy guide.

That storms impending were to fall,

He tim'ously did show,

Then why art thou so soon surpris'd ?

Why sink so sadly low ?

From creatures turn away thine eyes,
 The promise keep in view,
 It never yet was known to fail,
 Then why suspect it now ?

Oh ! no, it cannot, cannot fail,
 Thy Spirit sent it home ;
 Thou surely for thy servant spok'st,
 For many days to come.

Each mountain in the way shall yield,
 Jehovah's arm is strong ;
 My faith he'll never disappoint,
 My hope he'll never wrong.

Though Providence appear to clash,
 And make the promise vain,
 It cannot be, therefore I will
 My confidence maintain,

Though he should slay me, I'll believe
 That Jesus died for me ;
 And in the land of those that live,
 I shall his glory see.

ISA. lix. 9.

*We wait for light, but behold obscurity ; for
brightness, but we walk in darkness.*

LONG have I waited for thee, Lord,
And hop'd the day to see,
When thy mysterious ways conceal'd
Should all unravell'd be.

But yet the darkness still remains,
And I'm immers'd in night ;
O cause these shadows flee away,
That thus obscure my light.

O leave me not in error's path,
Nor let me trust a lie ;
May fancy never pass for faith,
Left in thy wrath I die.

Through hope deferr'd, the heart is sick,
My soul is oft o'ercome ;
O may I not deluded be !
Do thou remove the gloom.

Yes, surely I may hope in God,
His word I may believe,
Which saith, " Whate'er you ask in faith,
You doubtless shall receive."

JOB, xxii. 21.

*Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace ;
thereby good shall come unto thee.*

TO know the Lord, and feel him near,
Is all my wish,—my heart's desire ;
O Lord, reveal thyself to me,
And nothing more will I require.

For did I know the Lord aright,
How good and kind, how great and wise,
I would him love with all my heart,
And ev'ry trifle vain despise.

Did I revere thy justice, Lord,
Durst I thus wilfully offend ?
Or could I trust thy faithful word,
I would not thus with thee contend.

My soul would sweetly rest in peace,
Assur'd thou would'st do all things well ;
No painful doubts would find access,
Nor would this stubborn will rebel.

Good thus to me would surely come,
For which my grateful heart would praise ;
Thy glory would be all my aim,
While loud the artless song I raise.

Father, reveal thyself to me,
O draw me to thine only Son !
O Jesus ! come, within me dwell,
And by thy Spirit make us one.

A bold request, I grant, yet I
From precious promise it will plead ;
O Lord, I pray thee, quickly come,
And I shall then be bless'd indeed.

Yes, blest'd indeed I then shall be,
 When thou erect'st in me thy throne,
 Then all my pow'rs shall yield to thee,
 And ceaseless cry, " Thy will be done."

EZEK. chap. xiv.

YES, Lord, I own it to my shame,
 That idols occupy my heart,
 I cannot glorify thy name,
 But daily from thy laws depart.

I come to thee, and ask thy grace,
 And often to thy house repair;
 But when I hope to see thy face,
 The artful tempter meets me there.

I then forsake the fountain-head,
 And after airy phantoms haste;
 Unmindful of his love that bled,
 I cherish idols in my breast.

Estranged from the living God,
 My soul in folly's paths doth tread;
 O'ercome with sin's oppressive load,
 I cannot lift my drooping head,

O! answer me in my distress,
 And send salvation to my soul;
 Thou only can'st my cares redress,
 Thou only, Lord, can'st make me whole.

O do thou cast each Dagon down!
 Release me from my bosom-sin;
 Burst every bar, assert thine own,
 Then in my heart as Sovereign reign.

Yes, reign without a rival, Lord,
 Constrain this stubborn will to bow ;
 From stumbling-blocks relief afford,
 Unfold thy glory to my view.

Did I but know a Saviour's love !
 O shed abroad this love in me !
 My stedfast heart no more would rove,
 But find a source of joy in thee.

ESTHER, ix. 12.

What is thy request further ? and it shall be done.

LORD, dost thou give me leave to ask,
 And say'st I shall receive ?
 Then never let my subtile foes
 My soul again deceive.

The Jews, though they had thousands slain,
 And put their foes to flight,
 Yet still they were not satisfied,
 They still maintain'd the fight.

Thus may my soul, with holy zeal,
 My enemies pursue.
 Oh ! let me never quit the field,
 Till them I quite subdue.

But for this work I have no pow'r
 My strength's in thee alone ;
 O Lord, these hosts do thou destroy,
 To thee I make my moan.

O Lord, with fervent pray'r I ask,
 May I not ask in vain,

That in my breast each murm'ring sigh,
Thy pow'r may still restrain.

O with thy Spirit, Lord, me guide,
According to thy word,
Do thou my erring steps direct;
I trust on thee, O Lord.

That thou would'st make me pure within,
Is my sincere request;
O may the fire of love divine
Still glow within my breast.

Unto my steps direction grant,
In this perplexing case;
I thee acknowledge in my way,
Oh! guide my soul to peace.

My want of wisdom, Lord, I own,
And humbly for it pray;
O give according to thy word,
Nor turn my soul away.

P

MARK, xiv. 36.

*And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible
with thee, take away this cup from me : never-
theless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.*

LORD, did'st thou from this bitter cup,
In human nature shrink ?
Then let both joy and sorrow rise,
Let not my spirits sink.

While by the piercing eye of faith,
These crimson-drops I see,
And while I hear that plaintive voice,
O may I share with thee !

'Twas mine own sins that griev'd my God,
And call'd his vengeance down ;
These pierc'd the soul, and shed the blood
Of God's eternal Son.

But while this mournful scene of woe
Calls forth repenting tears,
Another subject strikes my view,
That dissipates my fears.

The Lord knows what temptations mean,
The flesh abhorr'd the cross ;
Then pity, Lord, this soul of mine,
For thine o'erwhelmed was.

Thou could'st in deep submission say,
" Father, thy will be done ;"
But 'gainst his will I do rebel,
And wish to have my own.

O thou to whom all pow'r belongs !

Assist and succour me ;

Thou know'st I gladly would resign,

And yield my whole to thee.

I joy to think thou know'st my case,

And trust thou wilt relieve ;

Thou know'st it does my soul distress,

I should thy Spirit grieve.

HAGGAI, ii. 19.

From this day I will bless you.

SO let it be, O Lord, I pray,
From this day I'll thee prove,
That mercy is thy pleasure still,
Delighting to forgive.

May I from this day forth begin
To live to thee anew ;
O thoroughly wash this soul of mine,
And all my sin subdue.

From this day, Lord, transform thou me,
Into the life divine ;
Thy pow'r, O Lord, can even mould
My stubborn will to thine.

From this day, Lord, be pleas'd to take
Possession of my heart ;
May I from henceforth live to thee,
Nor from thy laws depart.

From this day may thy glory be
 My only wish and aim ;
 O make thy laws my soul's delight !
 Make me to know thy name.

Oh ! may thy Spirit, from this day,
 Take up his rest in me ;
 O let no more my treach'rous soul
 By sin depart from thee !

Thou seest, O Lord, how, sunk in sloth,
 Unable I'm to pray ;
 O may thy animating pow'r
 Revive my soul this day !

PSAL. xxxvii. 5.

*Commit thy way unto the Lord : trust also in him,
 and he shall bring it to pass.*

THOU know'st 'tis my sincere desire,
 Lord, to commit my way to thee,
 No other guide do I require ;
 Do thou from danger set me free.

If I, like Abraham, be call'd
 To wander from my native place,
 To me be Abrah'm's God reveal'd,
 Bless me with his peculiar grace.

In this dark, O perplexing time,
 Shine on my path, direct my way ;
 To thee each wish I would resign ;
 Thy will O teach me to obey,

But, ah ! the fainting flesh shrinks back,
Averse the grievous cross to prove ;
Oh ! give me, Lord, that faith I lack,
And all my groundless fears remove.

If in thy favour life does lie,
And thou be present ev'ry where,
May I not then the world defy,
And trust to thee my ev'ry care ?

Thou who did'st Abraham endow
With pow'r to yield his only son,
An equal pow'r on me bestow,
To do what he before hath done.

Ev'n by the steady pow'r of faith,
'Gainst hope, on thee alone to rest ;
When walking in true wisdom's path,
Thou sure wilt grant my soul's request.

EXOD. xiv. 15.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

WHY is my fainting soul afraid
To see the waters swell?

The Lord, who ev'ry creature made,
Can soon their rage repel.

The lofty hills on ev'ry side
Rose tow'ring to the sky,
Before the Red Sea's wide expanse,
Met the distracted eye.

Behind, in awful warlike pomp,
March'd Pharaoh's mighty hosts;
Yet Isra'l's Captain stands unmov'd,
And thus his men accosts:

"Fear not, ye ransom'd of the Lord,
These dangers all survey;
Stand still, and see God's mighty pow'r
Display'd for you this day.

These warlike troops, that crowd the plain,
Shall vanish from your view;
Nor shall one man his weapon draw,
The Lord will fight for you."

He spoke, and wav'd the sacred rod,
Then cleft the water was,
The mighty flood forsook its bed,
To let the people pass.

Then why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?

Jeshurun's God is thine,
Though tow'ring mountains rear their head,
They shall become a plain.

Go forward, then, at his command,
And fix on him thine eye ;
Be strong in faith, no danger mind,
Salvation shall be nigh.

Though earth and hell in league combin'd
Thy feeble strength assail,
The shield of faith can ward them off,
And over them prevail.

Yea, in his name will I go forth,
Ev'n leaning on his arm,
Who to this hour hath me preserv'd,
And sav'd my soul from harm.

Yes, still my soul shall praise the Lord,
And of his goodness tell ;
For yet his pow'r shall on me rest,
He will do all things well.

Lord, faith is thy most precious gift,
And faith can all things do ;
Bestow on me this precious grace,
Then hosts I can break through.

EXOD. xxxiii. 15.

*And he said, My presence shall go with thee,
and I will give thee rest.*

O MAY thy presence with me go,
Or hence I will not move ;
Make me thy name and nature know,
And perfect me in love.

Unless thy presence with me go,
I cannot happy be ;
But if thou giv'st desired rest,
I'll render praise to thee.

If but thy presence with me go,
Submissive to thy will,
Though mountains rise up with the Lord,
I will be happy still.

If on my soul thy Spirit rest,
These waters would assuage ;
My prison'd soul would then be free,
Thy praise my tongue engage.

With these thy Holy Spirit rests,
They liberty enjoy,
The trifling cares of time and sense
Cannot their peace annoy.

O may thy presence with me go,
Again I thee entreat,
And in the path of wisdom, Lord,
Direct my wand'ring feet.

Give over me thine angels charge,
Me in their arms to bear ;
My feeble soul safe may they keep
With kind and friendly care.

PROV. iii. 6.

*In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will
direct thy paths.*

THIS promise, Lord, I pray perform,
For surely it belongs to me,
For by thy strength, and that alone,
I do commend my way to thee.

Thou know'st 'tis duty, not desire,
That calls me from my native place ;
This sacrifice if thou requir'st,
Supply me with thy promis'd grace.

As is my day, may I have strength,
For this thou know'st on thee I wait,
If thou but show thy smiling face,
Thy goodness great I will relate.

Though gloomy thoughts pervade my mind,
And dispensations dark appear,
Yet would I even now rejoice,
For sure I have no cause to fear.

O help me, Lord, I humbly pray,
To cast on thee my ev'ry care ;
If I to thee my way commit,
I may with patience all things bear.

Thy promise binds thee to perform
All things for them that hope in thee ;
My strength is only in thine arm,
I trust thou wilt deliver me.

To thee, O Lord, alone I look,
May I in trouble saved be ;
On thee, O Lord, alone I call,
Be not far off from helping me.

Though tribulations be my lot,
While here a stranger I remain,
My troubles all will be forgot,
When to thy rest I shall attain.

JOB, v. 19.

*He shall deliver thee in six troubles : yea, in seven
there shall no evil touch thee.*

THIS, Lord, thou know'st, is all my hope,
On this I rest alone,
Surely thou wilt not give me up,
Ev'n in the hour unknown.
In ev'ry past perplexing scene,
Thy pow'r did me uphold ;
Help me, Lord, freely to resign,
Make thou the timid bold.

SINCE these few lines employ'd my pen,
This promise hath fulfilled been ;
How condescending is the Lord !
What of his goodness have I seen !
How was my soul with wonder fill'd !
How was my heart enlarg'd to praise !
When thy indulgence I beheld,
And mark'd thy kind mysterious ways,

How was my stubborn will constrain'd
To thy Almighty sway !
I purpos'd then ne'er to repine,
But trust thee with my pathless way.

For as the rising sun dispels
The shadows of the darkest night,
When on my path thou'rt pleas'd to shine,
My darkness then thou turn'st to light.

What shall I render to the Lord ?
I said, when in my pleasant frame ;
I'll of salvation take the cup,
And call on his Almighty name.

Nor is the favour yet forgot,
Though 'tis so ill improv'd by me ;
Lord, since thy mercy changeth not,
I'll ever wait and hope in thee.

HABAKKUK, iii. 17. 18.

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herds in the stall: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

WHY is my soul so oft cast down?

Though danger does appear,
My strength is in the Lord alone;
Why thus give place to fear?

When full the promise stands in view,
And I can call it mine,
Though weak as water in myself,
No danger I decline.

I with the prophet then can vie,
Nor fear to boast in vain,
But firmly rest on that same rock,
And use his lofty strain.

“What though the fig-tree should not bloom,
Nor fruit the vine should yield?
What though the olive’s labour fail,
Nor herbage grace the field?

What though the flocks were all cut off,
The folds were all destroy’d?
Though sweeping desolation waste,
And leave an empty void?

Yet in the Lord I will rejoice,
 With joy I'll praise his name,
 Who saves the poor that in him trust,
 And do his promise claim.

But, ah ! in darkness oft immers'd,
 My soul does pining lie,
 Although the promise still remains,
 And thou art ever nigh.

When troublous waves roll o'er my soul,
 I'm apt to lose my shield ;—
 My shield that's needful in the dark,
 Or on the warlike field.

Confirm this promise, Lord, to me,
 On which I once could stay,
 That none who trust in thy great name
 Shall e'er be in dismay.

Then turn unto thy rest, my soul,
 In him thy safety see,
 Who said, " Whate'er thou ask in faith,
 It shall be done for thee."

O magnify the Lord's great name,
 By resting on his word ;
 The mighty weapon try to wield,
 The Sp'rit's two-edged sword ;

Repel all Satan's fiery darts ;
 They cannot pierce thy shield,
 And to assist, thy Captain's near,
 Then why so basely yield ?

HEB. iv. 9.

*There remaineth therefore a rest for the people
of God.*

HOW cheering is the thought,
To souls inur'd to grief!
How full with comfort fraught!
Then I'll expect relief.

By sin and sorrows prest,
My spirits often sink,
But grace shall yet resist,
And save from ruin's brink.

Since there remains a rest,
O could I enter in!
Then I were truly blest,
Then would I cease from sin.

O could I once possess
The mind that was in thee!
In midst of all distress
I should rely on thee.

When round this globe I view,
No joy can I descry,
For nought but scenes of woe
Meet the bewilder'd eye.

The just Lord does appear
T'avenge his broken law,
But O may mercy spare,
And back from ruin draw.

O make us all, O Lord,
Submit to thy decree!
O may we stand prepar'd
For what's ordain'd to be!

O help us, Lord, to sink
 Into thy perfect will,
 Nor e'er refuse to drink
 The cup thy hand doth fill.

JOSH. xxiii. 14.

*Not one thing hath failed of all the good things
 which the Lord your God spake concerning you.*

SURROUNDED with thy favours, Lord,
 I fain would give thee back thine own ;
 O could I fear, and trust thy word,
 And only live by faith alone.

For favours past I'd praise thy name,
 For present favours I'd thee praise,
 But till thy pow'r my will reclaim,
 My languid voice I cannot raise.

Thy goodness hath the book unseal'd,
 Thy goodness gave me eyes to see
 Into thy counsels unreveal'd,
 To know what yet remains for me.

While fearful of my future peace,
 Suspicious Caution says, Beware ;—
 My steadfast soul exults in this,
 That God is truth, and ever near.

Yes, God is truth, I know it well,
 And he hath said that all shall be
 According to their faith that dwell,
 In peace and love resign'd to thee.

To one so undeserving, Lord,
 Why thus so gracious and so free ?
 How can it be thou'lt stoop so low,
 To bless so base a wretch as me ?

'Tis even thus because thou saw'st
 Thy pining creature in distress,
 And, mov'd by pity, pav'd a way,
 And did again restore her peace.

Sure from Apollyon's hellish camp,
 The fiery-barbed arrow came,
 But Jesus snatch'd it from my heart,
 And quench'd it by his healing stream.

The artful tempter little thought,
 The dreadful stir he meant to raise
 Should work for good in place of hurt,
 And issue in Jehovah's praise.

But glory be to God alone,
 That sets the lawful captive free,
 That will his faithful word fulfil,
 And my desires grant unto me.

This, Lord, is not the way with men,
 To pardon such as do rebel,
 Yet thou preserv'dst my soul from death,
 And in thy house I hope to dwell.

But much is yet to do for me,
 Ere I with joy thy face can see ;
 Then perfect what thou hast begun,
 And fit me for approaching thee.

O give direction ev'ry hour !
 Let from thy way no wand'rings be,
 Disperse, O Lord, each rising gloom,
 For all my hope is fix'd on thee.

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HEB. 11. 17.

*By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up
Isaac : And he that had received the promises
offered up his only-begotten Son.*

IS this the man who late deny'd,
By faithless timid fears impell'd,
His lawful wife, and basely try'd
By guile his life from death to shield ?

The promise long his soul had cheer'd,
Himself to bless, to curse his foes ;
To him before thou had'st appear'd,
Hence hope to bless his soul arose.

Thou, Lord, had'st said, that in his seed
All tongues and people bless'd should be ;
" I will thee bless, and make thee great,
And nations great shall come off thee."

He then the promise did receive,
And instantly an altar rear'd ;
He bow'd before that gracious God,
That to his servant had appear'd.

How fluctuating is the mind
Of human nature's greatest boast,
The slightest cross, when left alone,
Makes him conclude all hope is lost.

But when the Lord his pow'r reveals,
Each mountain then becomes a plain,
The weakest saint o'er hell prevails,
Nor can its hosts the field regain.

This Abrah'm prov'd when call'd upon
 To sacrifice his only Son ;
 No faithless fears assault him then,
 Faith did the glorious vict'ry won.

Methinks I hear the harmless youth,
 Astonish'd, to his father say,
 " Behold the fire, the knife, the wood,
 But where's the sacrifice, I pray ?"

How could a father's bleeding heart
 An answer to the question frame ?
 Yet, strong in faith, he stood secure,
 And soon resolv'd him in his claim.

" My son, of that be not afraid,
 Although no sacrifice be seen ;
 For God a lamb can soon provide ;"
 So on they went calm and serene.

But, ah ! how could thy trembling hand
 One stone upon another lay ?
 Or how in order place the wood,
 On purpose there thy son to slay ?

But in the mount it shall be seen,
 The Lord will help in time of need ;
 For as he said, so it was done,
 The Lord did there a Lamb provide.

Soon as he rais'd the awful knife,
 The angel thus does him accost,
 " Upon the lad lay not thy hand,
 Thy faith is genuine thou may'st boast.

For now I know thou fearest God,
 Since thou hast not thy son with-held ;"
 Behold how God is glorify'd
 By his almighty pow'r reveal'd !

O Lord, thy pow'r is still unchang'd,
 And when reveal'd can do the same ;
 O perfect now thy strength in me,
 And I will glorify thy name.

Thou know'st thyself how much I need
 That sacred unction from above,
 For ev'ry day my faith is try'd,
 I'll sink unless thou show thy love.

Thou know'st this is temptation's hour ;
 The pow'rs of darkness me assail ;
 To me appear, thou God of pow'r !
 Nor let them over me prevail.

They ev'ry day encompass me,
 And oft I by their fury fall,
 But O, according to thy word,
 Relieve me when on thee I call.

Ah ! why, O Lord, art thou so far
 From me, when troubles me surround,
 No foe I'd fear, if thou wert near,
 Thy pow'r could all their rage confound.

JOB, vii. 7.

*O remember that my life is wind, mine eye shall
see no more good.*

THE pious sage, with pain oppress'd,
Betrays his unbelief,
" Mine eyes shall no more good behold,
I'll spend my days in grief."

My soul, in times of dark despair,
Oft utters this complaint,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, the Spirit frets
With baneful discontent.

But why, my soul, should'st thou repine ?
Thy murm'ring now forbear ;
Let patience meek possess thy heart,
Ah ! stop that rebel tear.

Job in the days of darkness liv'd,
The scriptures then unknown,
The path he rightly could not trace,
By which the flock had gone.

But now behold a beaten path,
A new and living way,
The saints in ev'ry age have trod,
That did their God obey.

This path through tribulation lies,
Is strew'd with many a thorn,
While crosses in succession rise ;—
To trouble man is born.

But over all the Lord presides ;
And those that trust his pow'r
He will preserve, and them protect
In ev'ry trying hour.

Take Job a pattern ; see how low
 This holy man was brought,
 Yet in his own appointed time,
 The Lord deliv'rance wrought.

Then why should ever dark despair
 Prevail to throw thee down ?
 Still hope in God, nor yield to fear,
 Though other props be gone.

Let sin alone thy tears draw forth,
 There is no other cause
 That really does deserve thy grief ;
 Oh ! mourn God's broken laws.

Let each rebellious sigh be still,
 In calm submission rest ;
 O sink into his sov'reign will,
 And so be truly blest.

O Lord, the pow'r is thine alone,
 To bid the tempest stay,
 Command a calm, and make the storm
 Thy sov'reign will obey.

Then shall my spirit rest in peace,
 Nor rise against its God,
 My time I'll spend, thy name to praise,
 And show thy pow'r abroad.

REV. xxi. 22.

And I saw no temple therein.

THY temple is the lov'd resort
 Of all thy faints below,
 There, Lord, they meet, thy name to praise,
 And there thy pow'r they know.
 There oft thou mak'st thy dew distil,
 And molify'st thy plants,
 There thirsty souls are oft refresh'd,
 And leave their sad complaints.
 But oft thy people are detain'd
 From meeting with thee there,
 For which in secret oft they mourn,
 They love thy house of pray'r.
 But in the new Jerusalem
 No temple's to be seen,
 Because Jehovah and the Lamb
 For ever there remain.
 There the inhabitants behold
 His face without a veil,
 They bask in his reviving beams,
 Their pleasures never fail.
 The streets are free of all complaint ;
 There no repining sighs
 Will ever heave their anxious breasts,
 Nor tears drop from their eyes.
 O Lord, prepare for me a place,
 This soul, O Lord, prepare
 To live and reign with thee above ;
 O quickly take me there !

DAN. xii. 4.

*But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal
the book even to the time of the end: many shall
run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.*

THY wisdom, Lord, our souls adore,
And magnify the same;
We, for thy mysteries reveal'd,
Would praise thy holy name.

Thou know'st how all my soul is lost,
In wonder and amaze,
To see thy glory so unvail'd,
Ev'n in these present days.

But backward too she casts her eye,
She sees thy wisdom shine,
And thy rich mercy rise so high
With glory all divine.

Thou, Daniel, highly-favour'd saint,
Wast blest'd with glorious rays;
Yet this dark book must lie conceal'd,
As lost for many days.

Nor was it needful thou should'st then
Further instructed be;
But when the vision is fulfill'd,
It shall be plain to thee.

REV. xiv. 1.

*And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount
Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four
thousand.*

HAIL, happy band of ransom'd souls,
Jehovah's special care ;
These all have learn'd the song unknown,
And angels' glory share.

But these are only Abrah'm's seed,
Thus seal'd from ev'ry tribe ;
No Gentile voice can join this song,
Nor yet its joy describe.

But lo, a nameless group appears,
Which do in numbers swell,
And on salvation's joyful theme,
With pleasure, too, they dwell.

When shall that happy day appear,
When I shall join the choir ?
Here let thy praises swell my throat,
While those now praise thee there.

For soon this little sand will run,
And all life's storms be o'er,
This scorching sun will soon go down,
And rise on me no more.

O may the immaterial Sun
Arise, and on me shine,
In this benighted wand'ring soul,
Display his beams divine.

Yea, in these happy latter days,
 Thy house, Lord, shall establish'd be;
 The wand'ring nations far and wide,
 Shall then, O Lord, return to thee.

Th' alarm of war is heard no more,
 Rul'd by one King, they sweetly join,
 Their swords to plough-shares they shall beat,
 Their spears to hooks, the trees to prune.

Lord, let each faint attempt be blest'd ;
 Thy people use to haste the day,
 When all the wide extended globe
 Shall own his universal sway.

We bless thee for thy goodness, Lord,
 To those embarked in thy cause ;
 Ah ! do thy counsel still afford,
 And crown their mission with applause.

Sav'd from the dangers of the sea,
 May they to thee devote their all ;
 Thy word with pow'r be pleas'd to arm,
 Let sinners down before it fall

R

REV. xxi. 8.

But the fearful and unbelieving, &c.

WITH what an awful herd
 The fearful soul is clasp'd,
 Who durst not trust the Lord,
 Nor on his promise rest.

Both murderers and base
 The Lord will overthrow,
 And forc'ers shall have place
 In everlasting woe.

There liars, too, are doom'd
 To everlasting pain,
 Where no release is found,
 While endless ages reign.

But foremost in the lead,
 The unbeliever stands,
 As some gigantic head
 Leads on the furious bands.

Thus unbelief's the source
 Of ev'ry other ill;
 Though ev'ry sin must pierce,
 'Tis this alone can kill.

Yet few the danger see,
 The monster, unperceiv'd,
 Does souls by thousands slay;
 Nor is the fact believ'd.

Some who the Lord have fought,
 And guilt reveal'd with grief,
 Yet never spent a thought
 On baneful unbelief.

O make the mischief cease,
 Our danger cause us see ;
 Do thou our faith increase,
 That may we trust in thee.

ISA. xli. 10.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.

SO be it to me ever, Lord,
 Thy presence doth all things imply ;
 Then, Lord, according to thy word,
 I'll on thy presence still rely.

If, in thy providential course,
 I feel affliction's arrow keen,
 Afflictions will abate their force,
 If thou preserv'st the mind serene.

Though fierce temptation I should meet,
 And earth and hell in league combine,
 Thou, Lord, can'st all their rage defeat,
 Then save me, Lord, for I am thine.

Though disappointment should ensue,
 My earthly hopes all blasted be,
 Thy promise to my soul renew,
 Let me find solid peace in thee.

Thou know'st my fearful timid heart ;
 O by thy grace establish me ;
 Though mountains move, and hills depart,
 Calm rests the soul that leans on thee.

PSAL. xliii. 1.

WHY art thou, O my soul, cast down?
 Why in me so dismay'd?
 Or why in this perplexing hour,
 Art thou so much afraid?

What though the providence appears
 The promise to o'erthrow,
 Though darkness now beclouds thy view,
 Yet why dejected so?

Where's now thy firm and steady guide,
 That bore thee conqu'ring through
 The many snares that marr'd thy path,
 Which did thy fears subdue?

With creatures what hast thou to do,
 Which wars incessant wage?
 Arise, and cleave to God anew,
 And baffle Satan's rage.

Arise from slothful indolence,
 And call upon his name,
 Who in thy former troubles sav'd,
 His praise aloud proclaim.

Yes; why, my soul, art thou cast down?
 Thy weakness gives surprise,
 No promise God hath made shall fail,
 Though he thy patience tries.

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1 SAM. xiii. 17.

*And he said unto him, Fear not, for the hand of
Saul my father shall not find thee, and thou shalt
be king over Israel.*

WHO trust in the God of all grace
Shall ever find strength for their day,
Enough for the present short space,
To aid them along the right way.

So Jonathan happy resign'd,
To Heaven's disposals gave place,
Could David, his rival and friend,
With cordial affection embrace.

Persuaded of Heaven's decree,
That David should certainly reign,
Content his promotion to see,
He never was heard to complain.

Though Saul had the message receiv'd,
His kingdom was given away,
Yet, mad with resentment, he rav'd,
To see all his splendor decay.

O had he consider'd the case,
How fruitless the vain enterprise,
He'd never have seen such disgrace,
Nor dar'd to have braved the skies.

These for our instruction are writ,
That so we may wisdom attain;
That calm in our lot we may fit,
Nor dare against Heaven complain.

1 SAM. xxvii. 1.

*And David said in his heart, I shall one day perish
by the hand of Saul.*

WHEN of a lively faith possess'd,
Our dangers disappear,
But when beset with unbelief,
Our spirits fail with fear.

Since long before, for Isra'l's king,
David anointed was,
How could he think what God had said
Would never come to pass?

He as by miracle most strange,
Had oft preserved been,
When he a lion fierce had fought,
And great Goliath slain.

Yet not the word of promise past,
He should o'er Isra'l reign,
And all his foes defeat at last,
Could unbelief restrain.

By faith in God, when young in years,
What wonders he perform'd;
Of faith bereft, his shield is gone,
Of strength he's quite disarm'd.

Whoe'er denies the pow'r of faith,
May here the contrast see;
Convince us, Lord, of unbelief,
Then give us faith in thee.

CANT. V. 10.

*My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among
ten thousand.*

OUR souls would to Jesus aspire :—
Thyself to thy people make known,
Be pleas'd to fulfil our desire,
And grant us a place with thine own.

O give us the skill to set forth
Thy wisdom and excellent grace !
Unvail to us clearly thy worth,
Inspire with the spirit of praise.

Thy goodness a little we know,
Although 'tis but darkly we see ;
Thy mercy abundant does flow,
That bears with such sinners as we.

Thy faithfulness great hath appear'd,
Thy word hath been often fulfill'd ;
Thy wonders of old we have heard,
On thy mercy our hopes all we build.

But when of thy justice we speak,
The subject we cannot command ;
O give us the wisdom we seek,
That of it in awe we may stand.

O could we thy justice revere,
How would it our conduct inspire !
How cautiously then would we steer,
As careful t' avoid thy dread ire !

Did we credit the perfect disdain
With which thou dost sinners behold,
Would we trifle with what's base and vain,
And thus prove so daringly bold ?

MARK, vi. 50.

(For they all saw him, and were troubled). And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer ; it is I, be not afraid.

WHEN Jesus the people dismiss'd,
And sent his disciples away,
Intead of returning to rest,

He went to a mountain to pray.

But seeing his friends greatly toil,

As tofs'd on a perilous sea,

His mercy survey'd them a while,

Resolv'd their companion to be.

But as on the waves he drew near,

Although it was for their relief,

Their minds were distracted with fear,

And quite overwhelmed with grief.

Our case is too often the same,

When Providence seems to oppose ;

With fears we are quite overcome,

When most we have cause to rejoice.

For like the disciples at sea,

So dismal the storm does appear,

Our ruin seems certain to be,

When Jesus himself does draw near.

He gently does whisper, " 'Tis I,"

And causeth his voice to be known ;

Then quickly our sorrows must fly,

And peace is restor'd to his own.

1 KINGS, xii. 28.

Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold thy gods, O Israel.

HOW desp'rate's the case of the soul,
Whom Satan has pow'r to deceive?
The sage he degrades to a fool,
And makes him his fables believe.

Ev'n Sol'mon, the wisest of men,
That ever was heir to a crown,
Yet of him the fiend made his gain,
He brought him effectually down.

Nor he that succeeded to reign
Was wiser the error to shun,
Though taught by experience so plain,
Yet he, too, was quickly undone.

Though late he was rais'd to a throne
By him who, almighty in pow'r,
Can either raise up or cast down,
The child of a day or an hour.

Yet, thoughtless from whom he receiv'd,
And anxious the prize to secure,
A scheme he devis'd, which deceiv'd,
And made his destruction most sure.

'Twas idols which did overthrow
A monarch more learned and wise,
He wish'd all his wisdom to show,
Yet idols alone could devise.

O had he consider'd his case
 Before the foul deed he had done,
 Allow'd to religion its place,
 The kingdom had still been his own.

'Twas Heaven the favour bestow'd,
 'Twas Heaven alone could retain;
 But when he such maxims pursu'd,
 'Twas Heaven requir'd it again.

Our case is exactly the same,
 Forgetful from whom we receive,
 By measures unlawful and vain,
 We'd catch or retain what we have.

O Lord, make us wise ere too late,
 O cause us our folly to see!
 The way our best schemes to promote,
 Is, Lord, still to wait upon thee.

DAN. xii. 13.

*But go thou thy way till the end be ; for thou
shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the
days.*

THOU highly-favour'd faint of God,
Compose thy soul to rest,
For thou shalt soon stand in thy lot,
Jehovah's friend confest.

But what's thy lot, thou cherub, now?
Where's thy exalted place?
For sure some station high thou fill'st,
And seest thy Saviour's face.

When John in vision saw again
The book disclos'd to view,
In his right-hand who fill'd the throne,
From which the light'ning flew,

He wept, because no man was found
Worthy the seals to loose,
The book to open, or pretend
Its myst'ry to disclose.

But cease to grieve, thou pious soul,
These tears are shed in vain,
For Judah's Lion shall prevail,
The myst'ries to explain.

When, lo, the slaughter'd Lamb stepp'd forth,
And seiz'd the dark record,
The ransom'd with full chorus join
In songs to praise the Lord.

But angels here must silent stand,
 They cannot join this song ;
 Redemption only to the sons
 Of Adam does belong.

But hark, another song is sung,
 Where saints and angels join :
 " Worthy's the Lamb that once was slain,
 To have all pow'r divine."

Yes, worthy only is the Lamb,
 The honour to receive,
 For he his people did redeem,
 And from destruction save.

REV. vi. 2.

*And I saw, and behold, a white horse, and he
 that sat on him had a bow ; and a crown was
 given to him, and he went forth conquering,
 and to conquer.*

WHEN to the wilderness thy Church
 Is banish'd by her foes,
 Thy promise doth her spirit cheer,
 Her comforter she knows.

Though Satan may a while prevail,
 Her into prison cast,
 Though ten days' vict'ry he obtain,
 She shall o'ercome at last.

He who on that white horse appears,
 In warlike pomp array'd,
 Shall take her part, and plead her cause,
 And raise her drooping head.

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Yes, Lord, the day approaches fast,
 We joy the dawn to see,
 When Ethiop, too, shall own thy sway,
 And stretch her hands to thee.

O Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
 We hail the happy day,
 When ransom'd souls shall own thy pow'r,
 And to thy grace give way.

REV. vii. 14.

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them clean in the blood of the Lamb.

THEN why, my soul, should'st thou repine
 Though tribulation be thy lot?

Thy way to God commit, resign,
 By him thou can'st not be forgot.

This is the path the saints have trod,
 The footsteps which the flock pursue,
 Thou shalt forget the painful rod,
 When glory opens to thy view.

These came through tribulation sad,
 And wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood;
 Therefore in purest white array'd,
 They stand before the throne of God.

If thou with him thy lot would'st have,
 Why wilt thou not the cross sustain?
 For many a tempest they did brave,
 They by the cross the crown did gain.

Now quite releas'd from ev'ry pain,
 They serve the Lord with vigour new;
 No longer, on the fultry plain,
 Shall thirt and hunger them subdue.

The Lamb shall safely lead them on,
 And guide them to the living spring,
 His voice shall silence ev'ry moan,
 His Spirit tune their hearts to sing.

REV. XI. 15.

*And there were great voices in heaven, saying,
 The kingdoms of this world are become the king-
 doms of our Lord, and of his Christ.*

A MEN, O Lord, so let it be,
 For this thou know'st thy people pray;
 We long thy glory, Lord, to see,
 The glory of the latter-day.

Our souls anticipate the joys
 Which then shall all the earth o'erflow,
 When free from all distracting noise,
 And heav'n commences here below.

When Babylon the great shall fall,
 Thy angels, Lord, shall praise thy name;
 Let men and angels, great and small,
 The joyful tidings, Lord, proclaim.

The glorious day dawns from the east,
 We see it with exceeding joy,
 These very pow'rs that rais'd the beast,
 With savage fury him destroy.

Ev'n those who arm'd her with their pow'r,
 Shall hate the whore, and from her turn,
 See with what rage they her devour,
 Nor spare with fire her flesh to burn !

Then shall the seed of Abraham
 Return, and joy to own the Lord ;
 The vail shall then aside be drawn,
 That now hangs o'er his sacred word.

EXOD. i. 10.

*Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they
 multiply.*

THOUGH Joseph's wisdom once had sav'd
 Egypt from overthrow ;
 Yet when another king arose,
 That did not Joseph know,
 He did his kindness ill requite,
 His kindred fore oppress'd,
 With cruel bondage, day and night,
 Their spirit could not rest.
 Yet still the Lord his people bless'd,
 And did them multiply ;
 This gave alarm ; he therefore strove
 Their children to destroy.
 But vain it prov'd in ages all
 To strive against the Lord,
 For soon or late his foes must fall
 Beneath his love or sword.

And so it prov'd, the more they strove
 His people to annoy,
 The more and more they still increas'd,
 And did their spite defy.

But sore their spirits were bow'd down
 By hard oppressors' skill,
 While cruel masters urg'd them on,
 Their tasks then to fulfil.

The Lord his people long beheld
 Beneath th'oppressive yoke ;
 At last his wisdom means devis'd,
 Which their sad bondage broke.

The fierce, unthinking, cruel king,
 Was likewise made to know,
 God's mighty pow'r, when glorify'd,
 In his sad overthrow.

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EXOD. iv. 31.

And the people believed ;—

HE Moses called from the fold,
 His Spirit to him gave,
 That he might bring his people forth,
 And from their foes them save.

Moses and Aaron then went forth
 And commun'd with their chief,
 Yet with the wonder-working rod
 They hardly gain'd belief.

But when the people understood
 The Lord had seen their thrall,
 They bow'd their heads, and worshipped,
 They waited for his call.

But though the Lord had pass'd his word,
 And truly was sincere,
 The time was not yet quite elaps'd,
 To which it did refer.

Thus oft thy people, Lord, mistake
 Thy kind intentions yet ;
 Because thy favours are postpon'd,
 They think thou dost forget.

As Isra'l found it, so do we,
 Our time's not always thine ;
 O help us, Lord, to rest in peace ;
 We foolishly repine.

O did we know ourselves aright,
 How ignorant and blind,
 Against thy will we would not fret,
 But calmly would resign.

EXOD. v. 4.

*Ye shall no more give the people straw to make
brick as heretofore.*

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
How wonderful and deep !
But as extensive is thy grace,
And truth thou'lt ever keep.

Thou cam'st thy people to redeem,
Yet brought'st them to the ground,
That their deliv'rance in the end
Might to thy grace redound.

Their faith was now completely try'd,
Nor could it stand the test,
But with thy servants fore they chide,
Because they were distressed.

Nor Moses knew the strange design,
Nor he his grief restrain'd,
But to the Lord he turn'd again,
And of their case complain'd.

Then he an answer did receive,
Which did him satisfy,
Though hard, yet to the will divine
He calmly did comply.

Reflections sharp from ev'ry side
He bore with spirit meek ;
Thy word in all things he obey'd,
And did thy glory seek.

O help us, Lord, in ev'ry case,
His pattern to pursue ;
Though dispensations be adverse,
Still may we meekly bow.

EXOD. vi. 7.

*And I will take you to me for a people, and I will
be to you a God, and ye shall know that I am
the Lord your God.*

TEN thousand times ten thousand blefs'd

Are they, whoe'er they be,
Who such a promise have receiv'd,
And can its value see.

But though receiv'd from God's own mouth,
The people would not hear,
For bondage hard their sp'rit did fret ;—
They were o'ercome with fear.

Till thou the promise, Lord, apply,
It never will impress ;
But when thou giv'st a living faith,
It gives us present ease.

Though Isra'l first the promise got,
We blest thy holy name,
To them alone 'tis not confin'd,
To us 'tis still the same.

We tarry in a foreign land,
By bondage sore oppreis'd ;
O take us for thy people, Lord,
And see our ills redress'd.

We, too, bound up by unbelief,
Cannot thy word receive ;
From thee alone we seek relief,
Thy Spirit to us give.

A cruel Pharaoh, too, thou know'st,
Employs his utmost skill ;
O save us from his guileful snares,
Who waits our souls to kill.

Exod. xiii. 18.

*But God led the people about through the way of
the wilderness of the Red Sea.*

HOW true and faithful is the Lord !

His word in ages all
Completely still has been fulfill'd,
And ever, ever shall.

He promis'd Abraham a seed,

While yet he had no son ;

And of their grievous servitude

He did to them make known.

“ Four hundred painful servile years

Thy seed shall undergo,

And after that I'll bring them forth,

Their foes I'll overthrow.”

The time determin'd firmly fix'd,

Did roll, though slowly, round ;

Nor did one single hour exceed

The Lord's intended bound.

Pharaoh, till then, would never yield

To let the people go ;

But now he can no longer hold,

He felt the painful blow.

Now Isra'l is at last enlarg'd,

Their liberty enjoy ;

They vainly hop'd that nought henceforth

Would e'er their peace annoy.

Thus, fraught with riches, free of toil,

They hop'd to live in peace,

Remember'd not the wilderness

And Red-Sea were to pass.

But might they not, who late had seen
 The pow'r of God display'd,
 Have rested calmly on his word,
 Though troubles did invade.

EXOD. xiv. 10.

And when Pharaoh drew nigh; the children of Israel lift up their eyes, and behold, the Egyptians marched after them, and they were sore afraid.

BUT after all that they had seen
 When Pharaoh appeared in view,
 They quickly desponded again,
 Both fretful and angry they grew.

How could they with Moses contend,
 And thus his meek spirit perplex,
 Who constantly did them befriend?

Yet on him their troubles they fix.

They were so environ'd around,
 Unable to fight or to flee,
 Their orders were still to keep ground,
 A glorious deliv'rance to see.

But of Israel what have we to say?

Our hearts are far harder than theirs;
 To unbelief we too give way,
 Distracted with anxious fears.

Grounds as good have we to discern,
 Yea, far more experience we have;
 For at their expence we may learn,
 We firmer ground have to believe.

For the scriptures are full and complete ;
 Nay, much consolation's held forth,
 That was not discover'd as yet,
 They knew not their value nor worth.

Our Moseses, too, we despise,
 And ill is their friendship return'd ;
 Their faithfulness oft does displease,
 For which they in silence have mourn'd.

Ev'n those who are willing to spend
 Their all for the glory of God,
 How grievously are they defam'd ?
 But this is to heav'n their sure road.

EXOD. xiv. 20.

*And it was a cloud and darkness to them ; but it
 gave light by night to them.*

HOW happy are the people, Lord,
 Who chuse thee for their guide !
 Though others quake, they need not fear,
 Who in thy name confide.

Thy cloudy pillar all the day
 Shall still their steps direct ;
 And in the irksome gloom of night,
 Thou wilt from falls protect.

Thy providence will still a light
 Unto thy people show,
 But darkness they shall prove to those
 Thy name who do not know.

Thou pleasant smil'st upon thine own,
 For them prepar'st a way,
 Their foes by thy incensed frown
 Were put to great dismay.

Thy look, Lord, did them so confound,
 They knew not what to do;
 To strive with thee they saw was vain,
 Then back their armies flew.

But flight was vain, they could not fly,
 No where for them to go,
 The time was come, th' appointed time,
 Of their sad overthrow.

Ye children of the Lord most high,
 Your way to him commit,
 Vengeance is his, and, soon or late,
 Your wrongs he will requite.

O make us wise while 'tis to-day,
 Our danger, Lord, to see!

O never let us, Lord, despise
 The souls belov'd by thee.

EXOD. xiv. 31:

*And the people feared the Lord, and believed the
Lord, and his servant Moses.*

WHEN Israel saw their foes destroy'd,
This great deliv'rance wrought,
They fear'd the Lord, and were resolv'd
To do as Moses taught.

With joy their hearts did overflow,
They sang a chearful song,
They then extoll'd the mighty works
Accomplish'd them among.

What cause have we to join the throng,
Our soul with them unite?
From day to day he's still the same,
In mercy takes delight.

Our foes he oft hath overthrown,
Him therefore will we praise;
To him who sav'd from going down
To death, a song we'll raise.

Our God is also great in pow'r,
Mountains before him flee:
Then why should we distrust him more?
For just and true is he.

The roaring lion ever roams
About, his prey to catch;
But help from Jesus dear does come,
Who Zion's sons doth watch.

With hellish malice he pursues
The souls to Jesus join'd,
And many a barbed arrow throws,
To wound the tender mind.

But Jesus lives, and ever shall,
 He save his people will;
 Those who in faith upon him call
 Shall be preserved still.

2 CHRON. xxxvi. 16.

But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets.

WHEN Isra'l backslided in heart,
 And trusted in deities vain,
 As loth with his people to part,
 The Lord sent and call'd them again.
 The Lord to be gracious doth wait,
 No pleasure he takes to destroy,
 By's servants both early and late
 He call'd, saying, "Why will ye die?"

But Isra'l paid little regard,
 Nor follow'd his servants' advice,
 But wickedly did them reward,
 Determin'd to have their own choice.

Yea, they in their sin persever'd,
 Nor would to the Lord turn again;
 Thus vengeance by them was procur'd,
 For them no relief did remain.

With Isra'l, we've also transgress'd,
 And left the bless'd fountain of peace;
 Against us the Lord hath express'd
 His anger, from us turn'd his face.

His prophets our danger proclaim,
 And urge us to turn ere too late ;
 O may we not imitate them,
 Who for love shew'd implacable hate.
 O may we his servants revere,
 That come in his name us to guide,
 Lest to us in wrath he do swear,
 That with him we shall not abide.

EZRA, i. 1.

*The Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of
 Persia, that he made a proclamation.*

WHEN Isra'l left the living God,
 To worship wood and stone,
 His Spirit ceas'd to be their guide,
 And left them all alone ;
 An awful curse ! and so it prov'd,
 For hardness fear'd their heart ;
 O save us, Lord, from such a curse,
 Nor from our souls depart.
 They still went on from bad to worse,
 Till they their cup did fill ;
 Then, to complete their overthrow,
 They ventur'd to rebel.
 'Twas of the Lord, the scriptures say,
 That this was brought to pass,
 For, to take vengeance on their sins,
 He then determin'd was.

Nor did repent, but cast them out,
 And drove them far abroad ;
 He marr'd their schemes, and made them know
 That he alone was God.

Yet ev'n in their captivity
 His eye upon them was ;
 And with his mercy shew'd his pow'r ;
 He great things brought to pass.

A heathen prince that knew him not
 He mov'd them to befriend ;
 To build the Lord's house he proclaim'd,
 And gave his helping hand.

It was the Lord stirr'd Cyrus up
 His people to relieve ;
 To thee, Lord, may we still look up,
 Who never wilt deceive.

EZRA, vii. 23.

*So we fasted, and besought our God for this, and
 he was entreated of us.*

WHEN God takes a matter in hand,
 He makes his own wisdom appear,
 For nought can e'er his pow'r withstand,
 Nor hurt whom he meaneth to spare.

The heart of king Cyrus made soft,
 As wax to the fire, soon did yield,
 And forth from his treasures he brought
 The vessels his fathers had spoil'd.

The people of God long had pray'd,
 And waited in hope for this day ;
 Their sorrowful hearts were made glad,
 And all things before him gave way.

They grateful the bounty obtain'd,
 But rather were put to a stand,
 Unable themselves to defend,
 And still in an enemy's land.

By fasting and pray'r they apply'd
 To God, who beheld them oppress'd,
 Who did his protection afford,
 And grant ev'n their utmost request.

For none durst his people annoy,
 Nor seize their sacred rich store,
 Although they laid wait by the way,
 Determin'd their prize to secure.

No person, nor people, need fear,
 Whose hearts on Jehovah are stay'd ;
 Who pour their complaint in his ear,
 Shall ne'er with good cause be afraid.

EZRA, ix. 4.

And I sat astonish'd until the evening-sacrifice.

WHEN God in his mercy forgives,
And turns his fierce anger away,
The favour his people so moves,
Their heads in the dust low they lay.

Thus Ezra, oppress'd with grief,
Astonish'd sat down on the ground,
Because that the elders and chiefs
Had mix'd with the nations around.

In such a case, what could he do?
The matter would hopeless appear;
He could not expect they would bow,
Or part with relations so dear.

'Twas God that had done all the rest,
Of this then he did not despair,
He therefore with fervent request
Besieged the heavens by pray'r.

The Lord's still the hearer of pray'r,
And gave him an answer with speed,
For to him the people repair,
And chearful the sacrifice made.

This now was the day of his pow'r,
And willing the people are made;
Confus'd they before him appear,
His terrors had made them afraid.

But while they sat weeping aloud,
The prophet commands them to cease,
And rather rejoice in their God,
Who thus had reliev'd their distress.

ESTHER, v. 13.

*Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see
Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate.*

HOW mis'rably wretched's the breast,
Where pride gains an absolute sway?
The soul is quite robb'd of its rest,
Which strives its demands to obey.

Though Haman, rais'd next to the throne,
Might princes and nobles despise,
Yet solely his heart is weigh'd down,
For Mordecai homage denies.

Not honour, nor pleasure, nor gain,
His vile captious humour suffice;
No, all is bestowed in vain,
Unless that poor Mordecai dies.

Sure Haman was greatly to blame :—
Who would not his conduct detest ?
Yet often we imitate him,
And like him repent it at last.

The Lord oft upon us bestows
Rich favours beyond our desert,
From him ev'ry benefit flows,
That glads the benevolent heart.

Instead of a proper return,
Some gewgaws of little avail
Ingross all our thoughts, or we mourn
Some trifling comfort that does fail.

Do, cure us, O Lord, of this ill,
Grant this, of thy favours the best.
Renew this refractory will,
And then we'll live happy and blest.

By J—— B——, D——s.

JOHN, xii. 21.

Sir, we would see Jesus.

O WOULD'ST thou, Lord, our hearts inspire
 With faith thy face to see,
 And save us from our unbelief,
 Our guilt and misery !

O give us faith now to behold
 Thee as our Saviour dear,
 And then we shall thee, in thy word,
 Behold with love and fear.

Thy ordinances also shall
 Delightful to us prove,
 When we do meet with thee our all,
 Our Jesus, and our love.

O let a sight of our dear Lord
 Bestow'd upon us be,
 And soften our hard hearts, that we
 Our sins aright may see.

A sight of thee doth to the mind
 Peace and contentment bring,
 It doth our guilty fears dispel,
 And heav'n is found within.

The proud it humbles in the dust,
 Our vileness lets us see,
 And leads us to aspire towards
 Conformity to thee.

It weans the heart from off the world,
 And all that therein is,
 And makes the heart aspire towards
 Pure and seraphic blifs.

It doth the mind transform unto
 The mind that was in Christ,
 And makes us restless to enjoy,
 And see him as he is.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE

HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

GEN. xxxvii. 24.

*And they took him, and cast him into a pit ; and
the pit was empty, there was no water in it ;
and they sat down to eat bread.*

HOW hard and obdurate the breast,
Where nature uncultivate reigns !
The man is quite lost to the best,
And deaf to the sufferer's pains.
Poor innocent ! did thy loud cries,
When left in thy dismal abode,
Cause no tender feelings arise
In brothers united by blood ?

Ah ! how could they leave thee alone,
 Expos'd to base reptiles a prey,
 And thoughtlessly dare to sit down ?
 No tyger more harden'd than they.

But what is the cause of this spleen ?
 Could he give such dreadful offence ?
 Their conduct he dar'd to explain ;
 'Twas this did their malice incense.

He, too, had an ominous dream,
 Portending promotion he'd have ;
 Determin'd to frustrate the same,
 Poor Joseph they sold for a slave.

But little they thought that the scheme
 They devis'd the poor youth to o'erthrow,
 Would tend to accomplish the same,
 And give them their folly to know.

GEN. xxxix. 2.

*And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a
 prosperous man.*

OLD Jacob, of Joseph bereft,
 Laments him with sorrow sincere ;
 While he without comfort is left,
 Thus torn from his fatherly care.

O how could the wretches behold
 The grief their old father sustain'd !
 But sinners, when harden'd, grow bold,
 And each tender feeling's restrain'd.

When Joseph to Egypt came down,
 Though laden with sorrow and care,
 Yet soon to his comfort he found,
 The God of his fathers was there.

His service so faithful and just
 Procur'd him his master's esteem,
 Who, pleas'd with his conduct, at last
 Commits his whole household to him.

Now Joseph, exalted and free,
 His troubles began to forget,
 For now who's so happy as he?
 But yet there's new crosses to meet.

The artful deceiver beheld
 His peace with malevolent eye,
 By malice inherent impell'd,
 An arrow in haste he let fly.

A groundless aspersion he fix'd ;
 The matter, though wholly untrue,
 His master so fired and vex'd,
 Poor Joseph did nearly undo.

GEN. xxxix. 20.

And Joseph's master took him, and cast him into prison.

THUS, by an aspersion unfair,
His master's affections are lost,
And Joseph, o'erwhelmed with care,
Must into a prison be cast.

'Two years linger'd on in this cell,
How hapless his sorrowful lot !
Confin'd in a prison to dwell,
Neglected, and almost forgot.

But firm on his God he rely'd ;
Nor was his dependence in vain,
For when he his servant had try'd,
Procur'd his enlargement again.

The butler his fellow forgot,
Though serv'd in a critical time ;
Yet God brought him fresh to his thought,
When Pharaoh related his dream.

Then Joseph is sent for with speed,
The peace of proud Pharaoh to heal ;
The Lord made him straight to succeed,
The myst'ry forthwith to reveal.

The king did in silence attend,
While Joseph the myst'ry declar'd,
Then straight took his ring from his hand,
As a pledge of his future reward.

A change how delightful takes place !
And Joseph's exalted again ;—
Absolv'd from his former disgrace,
Near equal with Pharaoh to reign.

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GEN. xlii. 6.

And Joseph was governor over the land ; and he it was that sold to all the people of the land ; and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him, with their faces to the earth.

THE famine in Egypt begun,
 To Canaan in time found its way,
 Which forced the Hebrews to come,
 Some food for their money to pray.
 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
 And knew their distress to be great,
 With pity his bosom was fill'd,
 Yet roughly a while did them treat.
 His dreams recurr'd fresh to his mind,
 When he their obeisance did see,
 Yet answer'd them rough and unkind,
 Though ev'ry one bent on his knee.
 His patient attention they claim,
 While they their whole story run o'er ;
 But how did they dare but to name
 A brother that now was no more ?
 He seem'd to pay little regard,
 As through the whole sequel they past ;
 As thoughtless of what he had heard,
 He threw them in prison at last.
 But Joseph's kind heart could not rest,
 While they in the dungeon remain'd,
 Their children at home were distress'd,
 His father he knew would be pain'd.

GEN. xlii. 21.

And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us.

CONVICTION has pierced at last
These hearts that were harder than stone,
Sharp pangs now dart through ev'ry breast,
When they the sad story think on.

"We're verily guilty," they said,
"Our brother in anguish besought,
That he from the pit might be freed,
And to his old father be brought."

Though late, they now deeply bewail'd
The child they expected was gone,
While Reuben in bitterness rail'd,—
Reproach'd them for what they had done.

This communing Joseph heard through,
And scarcely in silence could keep;
By nature compell'd he withdrew,
And calmly retired to weep.

Determin'd severely to wound,
Once more their affection to try,
Poor Simeon he actually bound,
And left him in prison to lie.

That they might their household relieve,
Nor fall to dire famine a prey,
Both corn and their money he gave,
And forthwith he sent them away.

GEN. xlii. 36.

*And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have
ye bereaved of my children ; Joseph is not, and
Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away :
All these things are against me.*

WHEN they to their father return'd,
Though glad to behold them again,
He now in great bitterness mourn'd,
Compell'd of his lot to complain.

Poor Simeon in prison lies bound,
And if farther relief he would have,
His Benjamin too must go down,
And perhaps be detain'd for a slave.

"Lo, Joseph belov'd is no more,
And Simeon's in prison this day ;
These evils upon me press sore,
And Benjamin too must away.

Thus of my lov'd children bereft,
My heart's fill'd with anguish profound,
And grey, from such poignant distress,
These hairs to the grave must come down.

I'm bound with afflictions most strong ;
To trials severe I must yield ;
Ah ! why did you do me such wrong,
To say that I yet had a child ?

Yet Benjamin shall not go down,
With this I can never comply ;—
But famine, our mis'ry to crown,
Commands more provision to buy."

GEN. xliii. 3.

*And Judah spake to his father, saying, The man
did solemnly protest to us, saying, Ye shall not
see my face except your brother be with you.*

BUT Judah at last made reply,
“ The man did protest most sincere,
My face if ye see, ye shall die,
Unless that your brother be here.

He bade us our hist’ry explain ;
We told him our story anon ;
We certainly knew not the man
Would say, Let your brother come down ?

Do, father, let Benjamin go,
And of him I’ll take special care ;
And if he return not to you,
For ever the blame let me bear.

Without him we will not return ;
For why should we labour in vain ?
The man, with a countenance stern,
Said his face we should not see again.

The life of our household’s at stake,
Why should we thus ling’ring delay ?
Provision is done, and we lack,
Pray hasten, and send us away.

GEN. xliii. 13.

*Take also your brother, and arise, and go again
to the man, and God Almighty give you mercy
before the man, that he may send away your
other brother and Benjamin.*

WHAT did the old patriarch feel,
When thus all his sons he address'd ?
His heart sure must tremble the while
These last painful words he express'd.

But of him they now took their leave,
And left their old father alone,
Their absence in silence to grieve,
Their critical case to bemoan.

In pray'r he no doubt was employ'd,
While they in their journey proceed,
That they might no more be annoy'd,
But that all their schemes might succeed.

How little he thought that the man,
Who seem'd so harsh and severe,
Was Joseph his favourite son,
By God for their safety sent there.

On God he had always rely'd,
In times of his former distress ;
His succour he never deny'd,—
Was ready his servant to bless.

From Laban he did him rescue,
Nor durst he a word to him say,
Nor Esau could hurt him, although
Determin'd in rage him to slay.

GEN. xliv: 3.

*As soon as the morning was light, the men were
sent away.*

WHAT an ignorant creature is man,
Till once he's enlighten'd by grace !
Untaught by thy wisdom divine,
He wholly mistakes his own case.

By present appearances led,
Forgetful of Heaven's design,
His mind is for ever unstay'd,
Hope and fear do alternately reign.

When engag'd in a just enterprise,
Though troubles and crosses ensue,
Who still on the Lord fix their eyes
Are certain he'll bring them safe through.

When first to the house they're call'd in,
Their hearts almost fail'd them with fear ;
" He'll now fall upon us again,
Nor us, nor our asses will spare."

They found they were with him to dine,
Their fears then began to dispel ;
And Simeon restored again ;
Then ev'ry thing seem'd to go well.

In the morning all calm and serene,
Dismiss'd with a friendly farewell,
They chearful their journey began,
But little knew what would befall.

GEN. xliv. 5.

Is not this it in which my lord drinketh?

THUS, pleas'd with their last interview,
 Reflecting on what lately past,
 They eager their journey pursue,
 And homeward proceeded in haste.

They were but a little way gone,
 When, to their sad grief and surprise,
 They're deeply entangled again,
 And sorrows unthought-of arise.

A servant pursues them in haste,
 And rudely commands them to stop;
 And when his demand they request,
 They're charg'd with purloining a cup.

Quite conscious the charge was untrue,
 At first they were put to a stound;
 But when a strict search they pass'd through,
 The cup was with Benjamin found.

With what consternation they gaze,
 This dreadful discov'ry be'ng made;
 No time to delib'rate the case,
 As pris'ners to Joseph they're led.

GEN. xliv. 14.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, and they fell before him.

A GAIN before Joseph they're brought,
O'erwhelm'd with deep grief and distress;
But, who can describe what they thought,
While ev'ry one fell on his face?

Before Egypt's prime minister bow'd,
Distracted, almost in despair;
His dreams they had often made good,
But little thought Joseph was there.

Till Judah, more bold than the rest,
Address'd him in humblest strain:
Their guilt he most freely confest,
Nor hop'd for deliv'rance again.

Then Joseph declar'd them all free,
Excepting the youngest alone,
Anew their affection to try,—
To cross them for what they had done.

How deeply distressing their case,
Here how can a tear be restrain'd!
Thus harmlessly brought to disgrace,
Nor durst for a moment contend.

Their case even Joseph bewail'd,
Although he inflicted the pain;
And when he their courage beheld,
He quickly reliev'd them again.

With Judah so well satisfy'd,
Though once his implacable foe,
His feelings no longer could hide,
Nor longer continue their woe.

GEN. xlv. 3.

*And Joseph said to his brethren, I am Joseph ;
and his brethren could not answer him, for they
were troubled at his presence.*

WHEN Joseph declared his name,
His brethren quite struck with surprise,
O'erwhelmed with sorrow and shame,
They dar'd not to lift up their eyes.

Their guilt star'd them straight in the face,
His presence they hardly could bear,
Till Joseph, in mildest address,
Declar'd they had nothing to fear.

He said, " At yourselves never grieve,
Although you were harsh and unkind ;
'Tis true, I was sold for a slave ;
But God had another design.

For famine two years now hath rag'd,
It yet will continue for five ;
For this I have here been engag'd,
To save many people alive.

For your preservation the Lord
Me sent, and I see myself bound
Th' assistance you want to afford ;
So haste, and I pray you come down.

A father to Pharoah I'm made,
And ruler none higher there is,
And great is my honour indeed ;
Pray tell my old father of this.

Pray let him make haste, and come down,
 I'll nurse him with tenderest care ;
 Pray tell him of all you have seen,
 My glory I with him will share."

GEN. xlv. 26.

*And they told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and
 he is governor over all the land of Egypt.*

ONCE more, though now with chearful heart,
 The brethren take their way,
 Loath, though but short, with him to part,
 That late gave such dismay.

With prosp'rous steps they forward tread,
 And soon they reach'd their homes,
 Then sooth'd the heart that lately bled,
 And heal'd its painful wounds.

For Joseph living they averr'd,
 And over Egypt lord ;
 But Jacob fainted when he heard,
 Nor did believe their word.

But when his eyes the waggons saw,
 His heart reviv'd again,
 Says, "'Tis enough that Joseph lives,
 This sooths my ev'ry pain.

I'll go and see him ere I die,
 My blessing he shall have,
 And join'd we'll praise our fathers' God,
 Who deign'd my child to save.

Then Isra'l forthwith took his way ;
 But ere he travell'd far,
 He stopp'd, and offer'd sacrifice,
 And found that God was there.

And there a promise he receiv'd,
 Which did his spirits cheer,
 " Fear not," he said, " to Egypt go,
 For I'll be with thee there."

GEN. xlv. 30.

*And Israel said to Joseph, Now let me die, since
 I have seen thy face.*

THE long-divided loving pair
 In rapture met at last ;
 The social bliss, they equal share,
 And mutually embrac'd.

" Now let me die," the patriarch said,
 Since I thy face have seen ;
 This heart no more with sorrow sad
 Shall be depress'd again."

Yes, happy sage, the time's at hand,
 Thy soul shall rest in peace,
 Thy troubles soon shall have an end,
 Soon shall thy joys increase.

O what thy ravish'd soul must taste
 Ev'n at this present hour,
 While thou survey'st each promise past,
 Fulfill'd, and all secure.

Methinks I hear the grateful pair
 With raptur'd souls proclaim,
 "Trust in the Lord all who him fear,
 And glorify his name."

Though borne far hence, when but a child,
 To where God was not known,
 Yet there his secret pow'r upheld,
 And sav'd, and kept his own.

Where no instruction could be had,
 He did his servant teach,
 He made him know the living God ;
 His mighty pow'r is such.

GEN. xlix. 18.

I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.

THIS beautiful story is done,
 And what may we gather from it ;
 'Twas for man's instruction alone
 That ever the scriptures were writ.

This hist'ry had never been known,
 If not to awaken the mind ;
 O may we the knowledge attain,
 Its sp'ritual meaning to find.

The wisdom of God hath appear'd
 In characters striking and plain,
 Although it is little rever'd
 By haughty degenerate man.

Ah ! would but the infidel read,
 And calmly consider the case,
 He durst not so madly deride,
 Nor th' Omnipotent mock to his face.

The most minute circumstance bears
 The impress of wisdom divine ;
 No jarring discordance appears,
 But all in bright harmony shine.

Thus Joseph, from innocence taught
 The mazes of error to shun,
 T' his father the tidings he brought
 Of deeds that his brethren had done.

Their malice drove on to revenge,
 Determin'd the youth to destroy ;
 But soon did their sentiments change,
 When God sent the Ishma'lites by.

Here Avarice, too, had her share,
 Persuading their brother to sell ;
 The hand of Jehovah was there,
 To check their resentment so fell.

O had I but words to express
 What's yet in this case to be shown,
 What strange ways the Lord hath to bless,
 The dungeon leads next to the throne.

O you who, with wisdom profound,
 Delight in researches so deep,
 Who Nature would trace to her bound,
 And pace with her strive for to keep,

This knowledge will little avail,
 Nor yield you or comfort or peace ;
 What pleasant solace do they feel,
 Who study the myst'ries of grace ?

The myst'ry of providence, too,
 Yields comfort to souls in distress ;
 They see how the Lord can bring through,
 And clear the most intricate case.

Though Joseph is greatly belov'd,
 And Heaven's peculiar care,
 Yet often his feelings are mov'd,
 His trials are sharp and severe:

Hard trials, too, Jacob sustain'd,
 And often was left in the dark,
 Nor knew what the issue contain'd,
 To guide them of light not a spark.

" All these are against me," he cries,
 Nor then did at all understand,
 That mercy was all in disguise,
 Relief being just then at hand.

In the hist'ry of Joseph lies deep,
 A myst'ry yet has not been shown,
 For Joseph is only the type
 Of Jesus, our brother who's known.

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THE
TEMPORAL
AND
ETERNAL CROWNS.

WHILE earthly pow'rs, with dire contest,
Attempt to spread their wide domain,
The thirst for glory fills their breast,
They smile at danger, toil, and pain.

Although with thirst and labour spent,
So fir'd with zeal to gain renown,
With ev'ry hardship well content,
So they attain a fading crown.

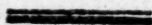
Suppose the wish'd-for point is gain'd,
He calls the glitt'ring toy his own,
The summit of his wish obtain'd,
He then securely sets him down.

Though now he thinks the conquest won,
And calmly hopes for years to reign,
Perhaps to-morrow's rising sun
Displays some unexpected scene.

But for a never-fading crown
The Christian hero now contends ;
Immortal honour and renown,
With vict'ry join'd, to him descends.

Nor need he wade through seas of blood,
His end to gain, or yet secure ;
Nor need he brave the swelling flood,
Nor range the barren desert o'er.

His sp'ritual weapons mighty are,
 He has no cause of dread or fear ;
 The object of his Captain's care,
 By faith he'll ever find him near.
 Ah ! how, for trifles of a day,
 Poor mortals barter endless joy ;
 Break through the charm, O Lord, we pray,
 On nobler thoughts our minds employ.



TO MRS B——D, OF M——N.

YES, who is wise will see and own
 The kindness of the Lord * ;
 And where his mighty pow'r is seen,
 His goodness is ador'd.

I backward look with pleasure oft,
 And see thy gracious care,
 With pity thou upon me thought'st,
 And kept'st me ev'ry where.

Thou did'st support my infant days,
 The orphan's father thou,
 And thou the giddy steps of youth
 Hast brought me safely through.

The author thou of ev'ry bliss,
 That hath fall'n to my share,
 Yea, ev'n before I sought thy face,
 Or knew the use of pray'r.

* Referring to Psal. cvii. 43. " Who so is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Amongst the rest I'll praise thy name,
 That did my lot assign
 Beneath her eye, who deign'd to stoop
 To ev'ry care of mine.

Yes, Madam, much to you I owe,
 Though nothing I can pay;
 May your reward be found above
 In the important day.

I hope I never shall forget
 Your goodness unconfin'd,
 Who did my errors oft correct,
 And form'd my rugged mind.

If any genius I possess,
 'Twas you that did it wake,
 And from a dang'rous precipice
 You timely call'd me back.

If ever pain invade your frame,
 Or grief your heart o'erflow,
 That comfort ten-fold be repaid,
 Which oft I've found from you.

May a bright mansion for you wait
 Among the ransom'd choir,
 Where saints and angels join in praise;
 O may I meet you there.

Distinctions there no more divide,
 They sweetly all agree
 In pleasant notes of endless praise,
 Male, female, bond, and free.

ON MRS P——L.

ONCE Fortune kind, but fickle too,
 Did fair Gordona bless,
 And with a wreath entwined her brow,
 The emblem of success.

Religion, beauty, wit, good sense,
 Fell largely to her share,
 By all beloved, and she alone
 A tender mother's care.

A pleasant tranquil state of mind
 Was her delicious feast;
 No carking cares corrode her soul,
 Nor her sweet peace molest.

But Fortune's wheel, that still turns round,
 Has crush'd her in her bloom,
 For Hymen here has prov'd severe,
 She's now o'erwhelm'd in gloom.

'Tis grief, not age, has bow'd her down,
 And furrow'd her pale cheek,
 Which makes her shun the noisy throng,
 The lonesome grove to seek.

Her friends fall off on ev'ry side,
 Her juniors many a year,
 While tardy Time, with leaden feet,
 Detains her pris'ner here.

But why do I ascribe to Fate
 The cause of good or ill?
 'Tis God alone can fix the lot,
 And he does all things well.

She now the mournful willow wears,
 Deserted and forlorn ;
 By grief produc'd, these silver-hairs
 Direct her to the urn.

By hope diffus'd, a pleasant gloom
 O'erspreads the hollow tomb,
 For Jesus has perfum'd this bed,
 And cheer'd its fullen gloom.

As now he daily strength supplies
 The heavy cross to bear,
 He will at length that body raise,
 A glorious crown to wear.

TO Miss S—— G——.

ALMIGHTY God, thou did'st ordain,
 Whoever liv'd must surely die ;
 Both age and youth may plead in vain,
 For none can change the firm decree.

Since sin appear'd, and Adam fell,
 This debt to nature all must pay ;
 Yet thoughtless mortals, strange to tell !
 Postpone the sure, uncertain day.

Our neighbours fall on ev'ry hand,
 At times we drop a transient tear,
 But ere the cheek be fully dry,
 We dose anew, and nestle here.

To you the knell has never come,
 You now bewail a father's loss ;
 O may you meekly bear the same,
 And glory in the hallow'd cross.

In former griefs thy mind serene,
 Calm as the smooth unruffled sea,
 On Jesus stay'd, could sweetly lean;
 Nor has he disappointed thee.

What fervent breathings did'st thou send
 To Heav'n for him that's now no more!
 Thou now hast seen a hopeful end,
 And all life's storms are past and o'er.

Thy pensive lot my feelings teach,
 Call'd now to bear the cross again,
 To mark the tyrant's dread approach,
 And strive to soothe a mother's pain.

Thy time improve, of Jesus speak,
 O may his pow'r again be known!
 May he that lab'ring spirit take,
 And place it safe amongst his own.

And when bereft of choicest friends,
 May gaurdian angels with thee stay,
 Till 'gain thou meet'st their kindred minds,
 To spend a long eternal day.

May Heaven on my SUSAN smile,
 Calm may her happy spirit rest,
 Nor ever know that dire turmoil,
 Which rages in th'impatient breast.

O let not Heaven's bounty pour'd
 Profusely draw thy heart away!
 Thy treasure 'bove the skies secure
 Exceeds the trifles of a day.

Let thy expanding heart embrace
 The helpless poor, who Jesus love;
 Array'd in robes of right'ousness,
 We will them hail as friends above.

TO MRS B—— R——.

DEAR Madam, could you patient bear,
I'd hail you happy this new year,
And many may you see ;
Long may your useful life be spar'd,
My heart glows warm with firm regard,
And truly it may be.

For well I know I'm much in debt
To her who kindly doth permit
To make her house my home ;
There kindness me does often lead,
With quiv'ring nerves or aching head,
To make my heavy moan.

Long may she live, again I pray,
Whose kindly heart and hand make way
To succour the distressed ;
Who does the poor man's case consider,
The Lord will surely them deliver ;
Upon his promise rest.

Yes, worthy Madam, ev'n thy bread,
Thus freely on the waters spread,
Shall be again restor'd ;
A cup of water, thus bestow'd,
Bears double int'rest ; trust the Lord,
And lean upon his word.

I need not tell you that 'tis seen
In pleasing fields, where oft you glean,
In quest of heav'nly food ;
Ne'er may your soul look lean or thin,
Like Pharaoh's ugly famish'd kine,
But like the fat and good.

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMIABLE MR A. BOYD.

A HUMBLE muse, lamented youth, intrudes,
Though for such task unfit, in plaintive
strains,

To wail thy fate, and mourn thy early fall.
But why should I presume, or dare, to stain
Thy virtuous name, with simple language rude?
With numbers so uncouth, to tarnish that
Which well deserves with splendor bright to shine?
Not POPE himself his time had ill employ'd,
To weave a garland fitting for thy brow,
With dext'rous art, in his sublimest lays:—
The theme became a MILTON or a YOUNG.

Alive, I know, thy modest ear had felt
Highly offended at the fulsome tale;
Nor had I then transgress'd in hopes to please.
With unaffected ease though form'd to charm,
And win, with smiles, the hearts of all around;
Thy frown had spread confusion o'er the face,
And dash'd the boldness of the loftiest bard.—

O Death! our hostile, unrelenting foe,
Amongst our race, how ill thou tak'st thy aim!
Or rather say, how cruel is thy choice!
Why wast thou not as well content to seize
On some poor wretch, whose feebly-tott'ring step,
And snowy locks, proclaim'd the hour at hand,
Would make thy message welcome to his heart,
Groaning, at once, under a double weight
Of pinching poverty and ceaseless pain;
Without a friend to mourn his fate foreseen,
Or lend their needful aid? His grief-worn soul,
With bitter sighs had sought thee long in vain,

Anxious to rest among the silent shades ;
 Yet still thou flee'st, and leav'st him to his woes,
 To cull the flow'rs—ev'n Nature's gayest boast !
 And such was he whom here I lonely sing.
 Just while his busy thought was forming schemes
 Of happiness below, not yet complete,
 Gay plans, he falls a victim to thy rage.

But stop, my mournful muse ;—with erring
 flight,
 Thou sure hast miss'd thy aim. Stop—Cheering
 Hope,
 With angel voice, soft whispers in my ear,
 " Though seeming harsh, it was a friendly stroke."
 Why should we mourn, sweet youth, thy early
 blifs ?

'Tis selfish thus to murmur at thy gain :
 What though thy morning-sun has early set,
 'Tis but to rise in happier climes more bright.

Congratulation best becomes the change :
 We hail thee happy—safe, beyond the reach
 Of storm and tempest, in the morn of life,
 The harbour gain'd, thy vessel glides secure,
 Nor rock, nor quicksand, in that sea of blifs.

Yet Nature claims the tribute of a tear,
 Nor has kind Heav'n the tender boon deny'd,
 Since Jesus once wept o'er a happy grave.

And weep *He* must, (nor may he weep in vain),
 Whose fondest expectations with thee fell :—
 Untimely died with thy expiring groan.—
She too, who, with a mother's fondest care,
 Watch'd o'er thy tender years, must feel the blow :
 Yes, doom'd of grief a double weight to bear,
 A husband's bitter anguish, and her own !

This most important change of fate
 Must tear anew a brother's recent wounds,
 And cause them, thus unclos'd, to bleed afresh.

Thou rueful mansion, once gay feat—how
chang'd !

What revolutions in the lot of man !

But all is wise and good ; nor ought in vain

By Heav'n is sent. Thou great First Cause of all,

Whose providential wheel is full of eyes,

In motion still, nor ever at a stand,

Let not thy friendly judgements fall in vain

On these devoted Three ; for thrice thy call

Hath marr'd their peace, within this inch of time.

TO THE REV. MR TOWNSEND.

AH ! peaceful TOWNSEND, fare thee well,
Since here thou must not stay ;
My feeling heart can do no less
Than heave a parting sigh.

Full oft thou hast my inmost soul

Disclos'd to open view,

And told me what was passing there,

Which mortals never knew.

When my forlorn bewilder'd soul

Was mir'd in pathless night,

Thou to my feet oft held'st a lamp,

To guide my steps aright.

When roving fancy, vain and wild,

Refus'd to be restrain'd,

Reason, unfit to act her part,

Oft gaz'd as unconcern'd.

Yet oft thy word was made the mean
 To stop its mad career,
 The Lord oft sent a breathing time,
 In answer to thy pray'r.

When dangers, real or surmis'd,
 Oppress'd my heart with pain,
 Thou to the Red Sea did'st me lead,
 To see th'Egyptians slain.

Where'er the Lord shall cast thy lot,
 To preach his sacred word,
 May he give wisdom right to wield
 The Sp'rit's two-edged sword.

May sinners turn at thy reproof,
 And Satan's kingdom fall,
 And may the everlasting arm
 Prove like a brazen wall.

May thou and thine like willows prove
 Close by the river-side,
 That know not when the drougt arrives,
 But in their strength abide.

TO N—— B——.

AFFLICTION'S daughter, child of pain,
 Inur'd to dire distress;
 Rough has thy gloomy passage been
 Through stormy dang'rous seas.

Wave after wave arise and swell,
 Which shake thy feeble frame,
 Thou must have sunk, had not thy hope
 Been in Jehovah's name.

Y

Oft in the fable gloom of night
 Thy pillow's wet with tears ;
 Ev'n gentle slumbers cannot soothe
 Thy soul oppress'd with fears.

When day appears, the wakeful lark
 Ascends the morning-sky ;
 And men, soon as the sun appears,
 Anew their labours ply.

But no relief to thee returns,
 Thy bones are full of pain,
 Both day and night a pris'ner kept,
 Thou'rt bound as with a chain.

Methinks I hear thy mournful soul,
 With briny tears of grief,
 Pour forth her doleful tale of woe,
 Expecting some relief.

The friendly sympathetic tears,
 Though these should flow amain,
 Physicians are of no avail,
 They cannot ease thy pain.

But try, my dear afflicted friend,
 To hush thy soul to rest,
 Where only thou can'st find repose,
 On thy Redeemer's breast.

When torn by pain, thy heart-strings seem'd
 Afunder quite to break ;
 Soon as the live coal touch'd thy lips,
 Thou storv'st his praise to speak.

The cup, adjusted by his hand,
 And mingled by his skill,
 Submit to drink, at last thou'lt say,
 " The Lord's done all things well."

ON J—— B——F.

ONCE in a melancholy mood
 Elijah made his moan,
 And cry'd, " Why is my life prolong'd,
 Since I am left alone ?"

Methinks I hear a brother young
 Make ev'n the same complaint,
 And cry, " Must I alone contend,
 Since all around me faint ?"

Ah ! where is now the promise, Lord,
 On which thou mad'st me stay,
 That thou would'st join with those that meet
 In thine appointed way.

Oft have we met in thy great name,
 And fought thy promis'd aid ;
 Oft did we part with strength renew'd,
 Thy promise made us glad.

Each heart seem'd water'd in its turn,
 And buds and flow'rs appear'd ;
 Some tasted ev'n the mellow fruit,
 And drooping souls were cheer'd.

But now a cruel drought succeeds,
 We're parched left, and dry,
 The heav'ns are brass, iron the earth,
 Nor wilt thou hear our cry.

Full many a one does linger now,
 That once seem'd fair to run,
 They court the tempter's dang'rous wiles,
 Which once they fought to shun.

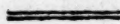
The enemy hath sown his tares,
 And deep they've taken root,
 These cursed weeds spring up apace,
 And choke the precious fruit.

Pure love and zeal are much decay'd,
 In me amongst the rest ;
 I've cause to mourn the vintage spent,
 And yet with sin oppress'd.

But, drooping youth, do not despond,
 Nor yield to unbelief,
 For in his own appointed time,
 The Lord will send relief.

For what are mountains in his way ?
 If once the Lord appear,
 He'll bless us with refreshing gales,
 And ev'ry mourner cheer.

May thy endeavours all be bless'd,
 To stem sin's rapid tide ;
 May zeal and wisdom be combin'd,
 The Spirit be thy guide.



TO MRS G—— R——.

HAIL, happy sister, much rever'd,
 Of Heaven favour'd high !
 O may thy lowly temper prove
 The daughter of the sky.

With steady faith thy heart-felt cares
 Once on the Lord thou cast,
 Nor did he disappoint thy hopes,
 But brought thee through at last.

Well may'st thou still on him rely,
 Who wonders wrought for thee,
 And sent salvation to thy house,
 Brought liberty to thee.

Thy heritage with springs abounds,
 No barren land's thy lot,
 Thy lines in pleasant places fell,
 Thou'rt blest'd beyond thy thought.

At rest at home, thou hast no cause
 The lonely streets to stroll;
 No friend of thine hath pleasure now
 In midnight's mad'ning bowl.

A child of many mercies thou,
 Let pray'r and praise arise;
 May house and heart both altars prove,
 On which to sacrifice.

Like Abrah'm, rear the tender mind
 In wisdom's pleasant ways,
 And teach the little stamm'ring tongue
 To chant its Maker's praise.

But O beware, for Satan's snares
 Lie thick through all the ground;
 He sees thy height with envious eye,
 And waits to pull thee down.

He'll tell thee thou'rt a virtuous child,
 That merits just reward;
 By discontent he'll thee beguile,
 If thou art off thy guard.

TO MRS P——,

In View of the Loss of her Fourth Child.

THESE words * the pious sage express'd,
 O'erwhelm'd with painful doubt,
 Though oft th' Almighty arm had him
 Encompass'd round about.

Though like a prince he once prevail'd,
 By faith's o'ercoming pow'r,
 Yet now he stumbles in the dark,
 In fierce temptation's hour.

Ah ! faithless patr'arch, mind the time
 Jehovah did appear,
 When thou gav'st up thyself to him,
 And built an altar there.

And has my friend likewise forgot
 The goodness of the Lord ?
 How in the time of her distress
 He did her help afford ?

Has she forgot the Bethel's sweet,
 When drawn by loving bands ?
 Her willing soul gave chearful up
 Her all into his hands.

Why then, my friend, should you repine
 To yield what is not yours,
 Or grieve when he does think it fit
 To pull his pleasant flow'rs ?

What though grim Death has thrice appear'd,
 Nor gone without his prey ?
 Nor yet content, he threatens fore-
 To take the fourth away.

* Gen. xliii. 14. " If I be bereaved of my children, I
 am bereaved."

Yet Death, commission'd by thy God,
Can do no real ill;
These are not lost, but gone before,
And live for ever still.

Yet when such tender ties are broke,
A mother's heart must bleed,
For nature claims a parting tear,
And be that tribute paid.

Compassion rich does Jesus bear,
His heart by grief o'ercome;
He once was mov'd to call to life
A mournful widow's son.

But murmur not at his decree,
Let love o'er all prevail;
By faith wait on, and you shall see,
The Lord doth all things well.

Your cup is rich, with mercy mix'd,
Small judgement marks the rod:
Let each repining thought be still,
And know it is from God.

FROM MRS P—— TO MRS F——

WHILE musing o'er my former days,
I backward cast my eyes,
My soul can only stop, and gaze
With wonder and surprise.

When I survey the wond'rous plan
Of providence with me,
Well may I cry, "To me-ward, Lord,
How great thy mercies be!"

In infancy and giddy youth
 The Lord was still my stay,
 And kindly hedged in my path,
 Lest I should miss my way.

Permitted oft to tread his courts,
 And with his people meet,
 Where souls in mutual concord join'd,
 And sang his praises sweet.

Why is it, Lord, thus far to me
 Thy goodness doth extend !
 O that thou would'st, propitious, show
 Such kindness to my friend.

Thou tempest-toss'd afflicted fair,
 And sharer of my heart,
 I oft bewail thy luckless lot;
 And bear a tender part.

Thy absence in the house of pray'r
 I oft observe with pain,
 But, looking farther, I'm constrain'd
 My censure to refrain.

No random-chance has cast thy lot,
 Believe it, though unseen;
 Unerring Wisdom plann'd it out,
 And moves behind the scene.

Submission is the highest prize
 That Jesus can bestow ;
 A will subdu'd is present peace,
 Though comforts fail below.

Upon him rest who reigns above,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 By faith commit to him thy cause,
 And then he'll clear thy way.

His tender hand has mix'd thy cup,
 Ah ! shrink not at the draught,
 He will remove it when that thou
 Art by affliction taught.

With fervent pray'r besiege his throne,
 In faith his promise plead,
 In humble boldness thou may'st claim
 His help in time of need.

Though pitchy darkness now surround,
 And fiery serpent stings,
 The glorious Sun shall yet arise,
 With healing in his wings.

TO MRS B——T.

WHO e'er arriv'd to hoary hairs,
 And did not find this scripture * true ?
 Who hath arriv'd at sixty years,
 And would his course again renew ?

Though love of life in most prevail,
 All would the slender thread outspin,
 Yet where's the man, though stout and hale,
 That would not wish to change the scene ?

Yet some with easy flowing sail
 Glide gently through the sea of life,
 And tempt some poor perplexed soul
 To think they know no care or strife.

But from your youth inur'd to pain,
 You, Madam, find this scripture true ;
 All who the heav'nly port would gain,
 Must fight their stormy passage through.

* Job v. 7. " Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks
 flee upwards."

Three sprightly brothers, of thy blood,
 Have sunk beneath the surging wave ;
 And, dying on the mighty flood,
 The fourth hath shar'd a wat'ry grave.

But when the meagre tyrant tore
 The smiling infant from thy breast,
 Sharp pangs, to thee unknown before,
 Did wound thy heart, and break thy rest.

But cease to wail the pleasant flow'r,
 Safe hush'd before the rising storm ;
 Death only can unlock the door,
 And let the little stranger home.

But mark thy Father's tender care,
 That did his heav'nly guardians send,
 Who did salute thy wakeful ear,
 And ease thy grief o'erclouded mind.

ON

T H E M U T I N Y,

April 1797.

THIS pow'r to thee alone *
 Belongs, thou God of might ;
 In vain the sons of men
 Against thy sceptre fight ;
 The raging billows swell,
 They roar and foam in vain,
 Thou dost their fury quell,
 Thou stillest them again.

* Referring to Psal. lxxv. 7. "Who stillest the noise of the sea, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people."

Thus daily, O our God,
 We see thy pow'r display'd,
 Thy foes, smit by the rod,
 To own thy hand are made.

Thus, Lord, let Britain know,
 And to thy glory own,
 That vict'ry o'er the foe
 Depends on thee alone.

By strength shall none prevail,
 Thy Spirit hath declar'd,
 But few an host can quell,
 When once thine arm is bar'd.

Make haughty Britain know,
 While boasting of her fleet,
 That none but only Thou
 Her vict'ry can complete.

The summit of her boast
 Has proved to be vain;
 O let her never trust
 A feeble rock again.

Oh ! highly-favour'd land,
 Beyond the common lot,
 Sav'd by Jehovah's hand,
 How is his love forgot ?

Ah ! why asham'd to give
 The glory to his name,
 Who often doth relieve,
 And put thy foes to shame ?

Would'st thou with heart sincere
 But turn, and seek his face,
 He still would hear thy pray'r,
 And bless thee with his peace.

TO MRS H—L.

REFRESHING words * to those distress'd,
 To all who trust Jehovah's pow'r,
 Who in their trouble on him rest,
 He'll save them in the trying hour.
 This, Madam, you have often found,
 The Lord hath oft appear'd for you ;
 Then let your hope in him abound,
 Nor fear the Lord will leave you now.
 When call'd to mourn departed friends,
 The Lord a ceaseless friend stood by,
 Him praise ; his mercy never ends,
 Though wealth takes wings, and comforts fly.
 Now, in this dark and cloudy day,
 Trust in the Lord, and cease to moan ;
 Let all distracting fears give way,
 And with him leave your eldest son.
 Though destin'd for the tented field,
 Where death appears in thousand forms,
 Jehovah's strength shall be his shield,
 To save him from impending storms.
 Though in the very jaws of death,
 Immortal till his work be done,
 The tyrant cannot stop his breath,
 Nor touch him till his race be run.
 Hope, cheering hope, with whispers soft,
 Persuades me that he shall not die,
 But through these trials all be brought,
 And live his God to glorify.

* Referring to Psal. l. 15. " Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Then let your soul turn to its rest,
 And calmly for the promise stay;
 What God ordains must sure be best;
 Then let your faith on him rely.

TO A

NEW-MARRIED PAIR.

THE Muse is in humour, dear Madam, to-day,
 Though languid her numbers should flow;
 Though lame, she is willing a tribute to pay,
 For you all her ardour would glow.

With joy she does hail the young lover sincere,
 Whose heart is your conquest complete;
 Yours now in return he may justly require;
 Nor has he a rival to meet.

The morning serene, and full pure was the air,
 The breezes did waft all around,
 When Hymen propitious th' happy young pair
 With wish'd-for felicity crown'd.

May each rising morning their blessings increase,
 Long may the nymph live, and her swain;
 May each undertaking be crown'd with success,
 Sweet concord and harmony reign.

In th' ev'ning let Morpheus thy chamber attend,
 And Nature his summons obey,
 In soft downy slumbers hush all that offend
 The care and the bustle of day.

FROM N—— B—— TO MRS DR C——.

FOR once, my Muse, assist my pen,
And teach me how to write ;
A worthy lady is my theme,
For whom I would indite.

O what high debt of gratitude
Is due from me to her,
Who often hath reliev'd my wants,
And sooth'd my anxious care.

Although a mean and homely cot
Is mine by Heaven's decree,
Yet even in my lone retreat,
She deigns to visit me.

Nor doth her lord, with haughty air,
From me at distance stand ;
Ah ! now, my life and breath I owe
To COPLAND's skilful hand.

May Heaven's choicest blessings rest
Upon the happy pair ;
O bless their offspring too, and make
These tender plants thy care.

My heart glows warm when I think on
Their pleasant infant-charms,
When smiling at my breast they lay,
Or flutter'd in my arms.

But now these happy days are past,
And I'm worn out with pain,
Must bid adieu to all beneath,
Nor longer here remain.

But these launch forth on dang'rous seas,
 Beset by dread alarms ;
 May Heav'n afford a pow'rful guard,
 And keep them in its arms.

Make Alex wife as Isra'l's king,
 Well may he grace the bar,
 Despise the thoughts of sordid bribes,
 And fill a HAILS's chair.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, bless William too,
 And take him for thine own ;
 O may thy choicest blessings rest
 On ESCULAPIUS' son.

May he a good physician prove,
 To soothe life's baneful ill ;
 May LUKE and BOERHAAVE in him meet,
 For piety and skill.

V E R S E S

ON THE DEATH OF W. M'M. A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

A GAIN, the awful knell has wak'd the Muse,
 And call'd Reflection, from her giddy round
 Of vain delights, to pause a while, and pay
 A solemn visit to the silent tomb.
 She late bewail'd the lovely youth full grown,
 Mature, and in life's highest bloom, way-laid,
 Beset, and conquer'd by th' insidious foe,
 Though Art and Nature join'd, in vain, to pluck
 Th' envenom'd arrow from his manly breast.
 But now the little artless infant meets
 The fell destroyer's watchful envious eye.
 Methinks I see that king of terrors mark,

And sily, unperceiv'd, secure his prey;
Then artfully a while himself withdraw,
As if to glory in heart-rending pain.

Could not his smiling innocence prevail?
Tyrant, did not the little lisping tongue
Move thy hard heart? No pity could'st thou feel?
Could not the pang that rends a mother's heart,
Nor yet a father's frequent, deep-heav'd sighs,
Nor all the group of mourners round his bed,
Avail to change the awful, stern decree?
Ah! no,—who gave him being call'd him hence;
'Twas only thine to deal the destin'd blow,—
A blow severe, that breaks the strongest ties
In twain, and even self from self divides.—

Yet there is hope, for Jesus children lov'd;
Wash'd in the fountain of his precious blood,
They only die on earth, to live anew.
Then let thy weeping mother cease her tears;—
'Tis cruel kindness thus for thee to grieve:
Her choicest fav'rite left feels not one half
The rapt'rous bliss thou now enjoy'st on high.
Hail, highly-favour'd cherub, anchor'd safe,
Where sin, nor pain, nor woe can ever come!
Sure if his happy spirit now beheld
The place where late he drew his painful breath,
Permitted but to speak, he'd chide their tears,
But chiefly hers whose bosom gave him birth:
“What mean you, thus to murmur at my bliss?
Since William's happy, why should you complain?
Ah! stop the rising tear;—or let it fall
For those that yet around you fondly cling;
For William weep no more.”———

ON J—— G——.

THOU meagre messenger of pain,
 Thou dread of all, both high and low,
 By thee how oft our peace is slain,
 Thick fly thy shafts, and sudden too.

She who at morn with us was drest,
 And ply'd life's useful busy part,
 Cut down at eve by thine arrest,
 Thy barbed arrow pierc'd her heart.

But she, worn out with dire disease,
 Her thoughts oft met thee on the way,
 Thou only could'st her soul release,
 And usher in eternal day.

But oft thy shafts promiscuous fly,
 Without respect to age or state;
 In vain for time the foolish cry
 Oil in their empty lamps to get.

In vain the man of hoary hairs
 Pleads his release with fault'ring tongue;
 In vain the youth would fly thy snares,
 With active limbs, robust and strong.

In vain the infants artless smile,
 Unconscious of the danger nigh,
 Ev'n innocence cannot avail,
 He will not pass his victim by.

Not little Jessy's angel form,
 Nor all her little pleasant charms,
 Could soothe the foe, or shun the storm,
 Though folded in her mother's arms.

Thou little smiling innocent,
 Good cause thy mother has to mourn,
 From her embrace, with anguish spent,
 Her seventh darling daughter torn.

A modest grief is due to *her*,
 And nature claims it in its turn ;
 Then, Madam, let that falling tear
 Bedew the lovely Jessy's urn.

But ah ! prevent your grief's excess,
 Nor mourn as those that have no hope,
 Let hope assuage your deep distress,
 She's in life's bundle safe bound up.

No crime her infant hands had stain'd*,
 Nor sinful thought betray'd her heart ;
 Though by the fall to die constrain'd,
 In Jesus' blood she has a part.

" Let little children share my grace,"
 The loving Saviour thus commands,
 He clasp'd them in a kind embrace,
 And on them laid his blessed hands.

Let anxious fears no more take place,
 Nor for thy Jessy weep in vain,
 She now beholds her Saviour's face,
 And shall with him for ever reign.

* Let none imagine from the strain of this Poem, that I disbelieve the doctrine of Original Sin. This is not my sentiment or meaning ; but there is great reason of hope concerning children ; and there is a sense in which, at least comparatively, they may be termed innocent.

ON MRS M——R.

HOW fleet are all our present joys,
 Unstable as the winds !
 Our dear delights oft pierce our souls,—
 Bring sorrow to our minds.

While they remain, how often mix'd
 With anxious care and pain !
 When most enjoy'd, they take their flight ;—
 No more return again.

The tender ties of mutual love,
 In firm affection's bands,
 Asunder snapt, reluctant yield
 To death's relentless hands.

The arch-deceiver, unperceiv'd,
 Marks his devoted prey ;
 In vain alike the prince or slave
 Attempts to say him nay.

In vain the widow sheds her tears,
 In vain the orphans cry,
 The hoary hairs can nought avail,
 He scorns the infant's sigh.

Yes, sad experience ev'ry day
 Confirms the truth I sing,
 Yon weeping widow feels its force
 On ev'ry tender string.

Oft as her anxious eye surveys
 These pledges of their love,
 It makes her sorrow bleed afresh,
 Each tender feeling move.

My heart, too, bleeds when I reflect
 To what task I'm consign'd,
 Alone to hear their heavy plaints,
 And rear the tender mind.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY DEAR MOTHER,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,

June 1. 1786.

O H! come, Urania, mournful Muse,
 I would invoke thy needful aid ;
 Inspire to sing the theme I chuse,
 Oh ! let a tribute-tear be paid.

Assist my quiv'ring pen to tell
 The cause which makes my grief return,
 Why thus my thoughts delight to dwell,
 And hover round a mother's urn.

Though the revolving season has
 Nine times mark'd out the tedious year,
 Why fall these briny tears, free as
 Those that at first bedew'd her bier ?

Unto the reason pray attend,
 Nor wonder at the well-known cause,
 What's there on earth outweighs a friend,
 Such as my tender mother was ?

Can'st thou reflect how much she lov'd,
 And not thy sorrows bleed again ?
 How over thee her bowels mov'd,
 How much she shar'd thy joy and pain.

When thou remember'st how much pain
 She suffer'd while she sojourn'd here,
 What troubles great she did sustain,
 Sure thou'lt indulge the falling tear.

Of all she suffer'd here below,
 This chiefly she had to bemoan,
 What pain she felt, forc'd to forgo,
 My brother, and her only son.

A hopeful youth, of genius bright,
 Round which her heart so closely twin'd,
 With fond complaisance and delight,
 By ev'ry tye of nature join'd.

Nor cattle dead, nor blighted corn,
 Nor tender babes pluck'd from her breast,
 Not half so hard were to be borne,
 Though with all these she was distress'd.

Ills, though severe, of milder form,
 She knew the worst, and saw their end,
 And to her utmost did perform
 The tender office of a friend.

But here deny'd the pleasant toil,
 His dying eyes she must not close;
 This must remain a secret still,
 How he shall glide to death's repose.

What perturbation fill'd her heart!
 While gloomy fancy ey'd the wave,
 She fear'd the rude piratic art
 Would chain him to a Galley slave.

Perhaps all in his youthful prime,
 To rav'nous fish become a prey;
 Perhaps in some far distant clime,
 He pines a weary life away.

The dark forebodings who can tell,
 That tore afresh her bleeding wounds?
 We know the worst of what we feel,
 But what we fear is without bounds.

But now releas'd from ev'ry tye,
 She knows the cause of ev'ry pain ;
 " Blessed are all the dead that die
 In Jesus, they shall live again."

No cause have I thee to lament,
 Thy will resign'd gave place for hope,
 With fervent faith and pray'r intent,
 Thine eyes were often lifted up.

Ah ! could my eyes these clouds pierce through,
 And see what now is thine employ,
 With mortals what hast thou to do ?
 Can'st thou share of their pain or joy ?

Perhaps thy spirit now descends,
 And hovers round thy lonely child,
 Whom poor, and almost without friends,
 Thou left'st upon this dreary wild.

Commission'd art thou from above,
 As guardian kind of all my cares,
 And fraught with errands full of love,
 By him who numbers all my hairs ?

But stop, my fancy, why thus err,
 Thou art the care of great I AM,
 While she, among the heav'nly choir,
 Sings loud of Moses and the Lamb.

The Subject of the following Verses was an only Son, whom his Parents entrusted to the Care of MR ASHLY, Colonel of the Regiment in which he served. He died at Annan in 1796, and was buried at Dumfries.

HOW can the plaintive Muse so mute remain,
 When such a theme so loudly calls her forth?
 Since Burns is gone, can we not boast one bard,
 To strike the sweetly trembling lyre, to tell,
 In artless notes, 'the thoughtless swains around,
 By death how premature young CHAMBERS fell?
 Griev'd at this silence, glad would I attempt,
 The sweetly pleasing, though a mournful theme;
 But I, alas! what can I say? confus'd,
 I now retract; aham'd, I drop my pen;
 But would the Muse propitious lend her aid,
 I'd yet th'advent'rous task boldly resume,
 Though I incur the haughty critic's scorn.

Come, my Urania, mournful, musing maid,
 Thou dearest far of all the tuneful Nine,
 Assist, for once, thy poor unletter'd friend;
 A female's pray'r should move a kindred-mind:
 O teach my artless rustic lines to glow
 With heav'nly, heart-felt, sympathetic fire,
 Since Rhet'ric's tropes and figures are deny'd.

Ah! blooming CHAMBERS, lately Nature's
 boast,
 Thy father's fondest hope, thy mother's joy!
 Alas! how soon thy rapid glass is run!—
 Perhaps thy gay, thy busy-scheming thought,
 In life's sweet morn, turn'd little on thy shroud;
 To music's voice attun'd thy list'ning ear,

Nor heard the foe at hand. Though unperceiv'd
His shaft, he took a sure and deadly aim.

And why? thy manly form well arm'd with
strength,

Thy well-strung nerves forbade his near approach;
Health flush'd thy cheek, and sparkled in thine eye,
And all agreed, and promis'd passing fair,
For many happy, happy days to come.

But let each giddy, thoughtless youth beware,
And think in time, for CHAMBERS is no more!

In vain those masters of the healing art,
With febrifuge or cordial draughts attend;
Vain their prescriptions all; in vain they waste
Their utmost skill, to save a life so dear!—
The rude invader eager presses on,
Resistless in his course, nor quits his prey,
Till, by one fatal blow, the combat ends,
And, pale, he sinks, to meet his parent earth.

Brave ASHLY heard.—The knell thrill'd through
his heart;

His manly soul bled o'er the lovely youth;
His loving Fair, once gay, now drown'd in tears,
Forbade the sprightly ball, and social feast,
Nor minds the promis'd joy, while all intent,
With due respect, to treat the silent dead.

In ceremonious pomp those dear remains,
In solemn state, along the street proceed,
To reach their last, their peaceful dark abode.
Four pensive mourners well support the pall;
The faithful guardians of thy latest hours
Precede the sable bier; while warlike troops,
Well-arm'd, the corpse on ev'ry side surround;
In rueful notes the solemn music plays;
But what is all to thee? The breathless clay
In silence lies, nor makes the least return.

Thou much-regretted youth, nor soon forgot,
 My thoughts survey thee in the hollow tomb !
 But what a change is here ! How active once
 Those now-extended limbs ! How silent now
 That tongue whence eloquence was wont to flow !
 How hollow now those fix'd and dark'ned orbs,
 That with the diamond's lustre once could vie !
 But why unfold to-day, what best the shade
 Of gloom funereal, and of night, becomes ?
 Then let me leave thee to thy calm repose,
 Reflecting, as with heavy heart I turn,
 What thou now art, I too must shortly be.

The Muse of thee for ever takes her leave ;
 Through dark and trackless wilds she wings her way,
 And visits now that dreary mournful dome,
 For days of bliss, in Egypt's deep distress,
 Though distant far : They mourn an only son :
 A solemn silence speaks the father's grief,
 Frequent escapes the sigh suppress'd ; his thoughts,
 Too big for birth, brood o'er that comely form,
 Where center'd all a father's fondest hopes,
 Which with him fell, and left an aching void,
 Which nought on earth, however great, can fill.
 His mother shriek'd ;—she faints, and then revives,
 Collects her thoughts, then quickly faints again.
 What has an only sister now to bear ?
 She feels her own, and shares parental woe.

O God of mercy, bend a pitying eye,
 On sorrow such as this, and send relief ;
 For vain the help that feeble man can bring :
 He mourns, and mingles with his kindred dust,
 But peace and comfort ever dwell with *Thee*.

TO MRS L——, D——.

THOU child of sorrow, cease to grieve,
 Though friendless and forlorn,
 Strong consolations thou may'st crave,
 And have them in return.

Why mourn the happy spirit fled
 From all the ills below?
 Calmly now rests that peaceful head,
 Inur'd to pain and woe.

Jehovah calls thee to resign,
 'Twas he that dealt the blow;
 Obedience to his sov'reign mind
 By calm submission show.

But stop, my Muse, be not so free,
 Excuse the falling tear,
 For Jesus wept, and so may she
 Sigh o'er the fun'ral bier.

These tears her sorrows may assuage,
 Then let them freely flow,
 Though tender passions swell and rage,
 And deluge all below.

But weep, my friend, with caution too,
 Nor weeping make a crime;
 Grief mod'rate will the Lord allow,
 'Tis sinful to repine.

TO MRS B———, AND MISS J———.

O WOULD but poor mortals believe
The scriptures were actually true,
How would this their panics relieve,
And bring them successfully through.

T' accomplish the plan they love best,
They labour, they bustle, and scheme,
Till taught by experience the test,
That t' ev'ry thing there is a time *.

They pains and fatigue will afford,
Their purposes great to obtain,
But seldom reflect that the Lord
O'er all doth Omnipotent reign.

'Tis he hath appointed the time
And season of ev'ry event,
Till those shall effectually chime,
Man's labour is but idly spent.

Engag'd in a late enterprise,
So slowly the matter went on,
The reason I could not devise;
But now it is perfectly known.

The season not yet had arriv'd,
Which God had selected as best:
Success from his counsel deriv'd
Now sets me in quiet to rest.

How can I, O Lord, but observe
Thy wisdom and fatherly care?
May I all these tokens preserve,
And dismiss ev'ry dastardly fear.

A a 2

* Eccles. iii. 1.

Of what should I ever despair?
 For what should I ever repine?
 When cast on thine infinite care,
 Since pow'r and dominion are thine.

Thy wisdom and care have appear'd
 In placing me where I now am,
 Though changes I foolishly fear'd,
 And rather repin'd at the same.

But how could I ever so dream,
 That strangers, I never had known,
 Should thus with benevolence teem,
 And thus makē my cause as their own?

Dear Ladies, your kindness is known,
 Forgive my presumption, I pray;
 Allow me at least thus to own
 The debt that I never can pay.

But surely there is a reward;—
 On you may it richly descend,
 Who deign'd to pay so much regard,
 And thus a poor stranger befriend.

To forward my humble design,
 Your care and attention was much;
 To others you did it consign,
 To give it the finishing touch.

ON A HUMANE PHYSICIAN.

DEAR Madam, I pray you forbear,
 For the Muse her impotence pleads ;
 To serve you would be her first care ;
 But greatly the critic she dreads ;

For who could with patience endure,
 To hear her in languid dull rhyme,
 And numbers that grate on the ear,
 Abuse such a dignified name ?

To flatter she never had skill,
 'Tis worse than detraction by half,
 But MAXWELL's just merit to tell,
 Would baffle Apollo himself.

His elegant person contains
 A mind that is noble and great ;
 And yet he so pleasantly deigns
 T' commis'rate the meanest estate.

All ranks have his sympathy prov'd,
 When call'd in the critical hour ;
 But ofttest his pity is mov'd,
 And yearns o'er the indigent poor.

The laurel his temples become,
 Whose heart is of tenderness made,
 And loud let his praises be sung,
 His laurels nor wither nor fade.

His utmost invention he strains,
 Their painful disease to remove,
 And often his bounty extends,
 Which those pinch'd with poverty prove.

The blind, by his wonderful art,
 Have oft to their sight been restor'd,
 And peace has return'd to the heart,
 That once its deep anguish deplor'd.

His chamber is free of access,
 Where numbers their trouble declare,
 And he, all their pains to release,
 Employs his most diligent care.

How often he's blest'd with success !
 Vast numbers with pleasure can tell,
 'Most ev'ry disease in the place
 Has own'd his deep medical skill.

May Heaven preserve him serene,
 Nor trouble his mem'ry oppress,
 How great his exertions have been,
 To brutes in their silent distress.

The horse that sunk under its load,
 By age or misfortune oppress'd,
 He found out a way to provide,
 And give the poor sufferer rest *.

Should any for flattery blame,
 The Muse the assertion denies,
 For far above flattery's aim
 Doth Maxwell's just merit arise.

* Alluding to a Society, formed in London, of which the Doctor was a chief promoter, for the purpose of relieving these oppressed animals.

ON COLONEL D—R,

WHILE GOVERNOR AT CANADA.

A WAKE, my Muse, I claim thine aid,
 On such a theme I'm much afraid
 To err and go astray ;
 To stain his name would be a crime,
 With languid, dull, or tinkling rhyme ;
 I wish to swell my lay.

It well becomes an abler pen,
 To tell how bold he cross'd the main,
 To serve the Royal cause ;
 Not tom'hawk, knife, nor pious fire *,
 Could quench his soul's intense desire,
 To 'stablish British laws.

To tell what toils he overcame
 In quest of honourable fame,
 When dangers did surround,
 'Mong those who ne'er their Maker knew,
 A poor, illit'rate, hapless crew,
 With superstition bound ;

Who devils serve in place of God ;
 They, like their master, wild and rude,
 Oft urg'd him to retire,
 Till won by Cæsar's spirit mild,
 The lion turn'd a loving child,
 And own'd him for his fire.

Now safe he walks o'er hill and vale,
 Secure from harm, and fears no ill,
 By all he's much belov'd,

* Alluding to human sacrifices used by the natives.

Save he * who once his dagger held,
By an infernal fiend impell'd ;

Nor he his spirit mov'd !

He sent the negro forth in quest
Of that poor hapless, harmless beast,

He fancy'd urg'd him on,
But with all speed, in face of day,
This fool the innocent did slay,

Then fled to wilds unknown.

Long may his mem'ry be rever'd,
Whose noble soul the thought abhorr'd

Of base unlawful gain,
Which urges fordid Nabobs on,
And turns their cruel hearts to stone,
Their object to attain.

Forgive the Muse, nor count her rude,
Should she, though unpolite, obtrude,

And dare to call to mind,
The Pow'r Supreme, that safe through all
Did thee conduct, both spring and fall,
And brought thee home again.

It was Jehovah's sov'reign grace,
That for his servant found a place

Did savage hearts reform ;
'Twas he, whom winds and seas obey,
That 'cross the ocean clear'd thy way,
Through many a boisterous storm.

Now in thy pleasant gay retreat,
Thou may'st the dangers past repeat

To list'ning friends around ;
Safe landed on this wholesome soil,
Where British freedom yet doth smile ;
Here may thy joys abound.

* A native, who fancied that a beaver, which he worshipped as his God, bade him kill the Governor.

To him whose hand thy life sustain'd,
 Who ev'ry deadly foe restrain'd,
 (He ruleth ev'ry where),
 Lift up thy soul, with grateful praise,
 On high the heav'nly anthem raise,
 And banish ev'ry care.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IF there's a thing that's worth a wish
 In this dark vale of tears,
 A faithful friend this treasure is,
 And best rewards our cares.

If in recipric union join'd,
 And heart to heart unite,
 Possessing each a kindred mind,
 The pleasure must be great.

They each to each their cares divide,
 And free their joys impart,
 In candid truth each doubt decide,
 With mutual open heart.

Were I as Alexander great,
 That conquer'd ev'ry where,
 I could not bear that high estate,
 Without a friend to share.

When fortune smil'd, I ceas'd to grieve
 My friend was happy too ;—
 And oft her tender bosom heav'd,
 To hear my tale of woe.

Unless in vision when asleep,
 Her face no more I see,
 Both mountains high, and valleys deep,
 Divide my friend and me.

But love can ev'ry mountain scale,
 And ev'ry bar break through,
 Nor time, nor distance, can prevail,
 To sep'rate souls so true.

Dear maid, forgive my love's excess,
 Which sometimes caus'd me err ;
 To you I only fail'd in this,
 I could no rival bear.

You may enjoy, with tranquil mind,
 Whoever you prefer,
 Yet well you know you'll never find
 A friendship more sincere.

Should e'er a sigh your bosom swell,
 When these few lines appear,
 Your Mary sure deserves it well,
 For you she drops this tear.

For you a thousand friendly tears
 Her streaming eyes o'erflow ;
 And while this heart your mem'ry bears,
 With friendship it shall glow.

A

FAREWELL POEM.

A MANDA, wake, thyself prepare,
 And forth conduct thy fleecy care,
 The chearful monarch of the day
 Far upwards bends his flaming ray,

The songsters warble on the spray,
 The early lark salutes the day ;
 And softly wafts the gentle breeze
 Amid the neighb'ring shady trees.
 Soft guard them round the verdant hill,
 Down by yon purling chrystal rill,
 And o'er yon silver-tipped plain,
 Where pinks and violets strive to reign ;
 There they will feed, nor wish to roam,
 And thou may'st softly sit thee down
 In yon lone sweet sequester'd grove,
 And join the plaintive cooing dove ;
 Its mournful notes mine ear invite,
 In lonely concert to recite ;
 My reed shall catch its plaintive strain,
 And echo back its notes again.
 This is a pleasant rural scene,
 And might delight a mind serene.
 But all my joys to grief give place,
 When I think on my dear DUMFRIES.
 Dumfries ! thou pleasant, healthy spot,
 By me thou ne'er shalt be forgot ;
 I'll think on thee if life remain,
 Though thee I never see again.
 Those Ladies, too, who deign'd so long
 To listen to my homely song,
 I now must leave, so void of guile ;
 May Fortune ever on them smile :
 Those Ladies, though exalted far
 Above my mean and lowly sphere,
 Yet kindly did they condescend
 To treat me as a humble friend ;
 But now my harp may lie unstrung,
 For who will mind my rustic song ?
 The Muse may now her care resign,
 Nor hope a friendly ear to find.

Farewell to *Nith*, his placid stream
 Once more shall grace my humble theme,
 As through the varied finny fry
 He calmly steals his winding way.
 On his green banks, with herbage clad,
 How often have my sorrows fled,
 As through the gold bespangled dew
 I did my early walks pursue.

My dear Dumfries ! once more adieu ;
 My friends in thee, who are not few,
 Shall share my heart,—I will each day
 To them a briny tribute pay.—
 But rise, my honest, trusty Tray,
 For here we may no longer stay,
 Our flock is wander'd far and wide
 Upon yon heath-clad mountain's side.
 My thoughtless flock, why did you stray,
 When my fond heart to grief gave way ?
 My harmless sheep, return bedeen,
 And crop the flow'rs on yonder green,
 'The fescue grass, and flow'ry thyme,
 The steep ascent I cannot climb.
 Well,—wander on,—my heart is sore,—
 I'll break my crook, nor tend you more.

ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

HAIL, happy season, much rever'd,
 How welcome's thy return !
 'Twas now the glorious fun arose,
 The dusky clouds to spurn.

This night did angel-bands descend,
 And spread the news abroad ;
 The shepherds join'd the heav'nly choir,
 And prais'd th' infinite God.

" All glory be to God on high,
 And peace on earth below,
 This day a Saviour, Christ, is born,
 Good will to men doth glow.

We'll go and search this wonder out,
 And praise our heav'nly King,
 Yon flaming star will guide our feet,
 Us safely thither bring.

We'll off'rings bring of incense rich,
 Of sweet and fragrant smell,
 And worship at his glorious feet,
 Who all our foes shall quell."

My soul, art thou to feelings lost ?
 Hast thou no song of praise ?
 Ah ! pause, and think on this event,
 At humble distance gaze.

Behold the high and lofty One,
 The Ruler of the sky,
 Became an infant of a span,—
 Did in a manger lie !

No costly banquet was prepar'd,
 No retinue attends ;
 The inns had little room to spare
 For Jesus, or his friends.

And dare my peevish soul repine,
 Whatever may befall ?
 Let Bethleh'm's stable meet my eye,
 If ever pride prevail.

ON A

RETIRED SITUATION.

AS in an Eden here I'm blest'd,
 Of ev'ry thing I need possess'd,
 Nor discontents my peace annoy,
 For ev'ry thing I here enjoy.
 I'm far remote from public show,
 The landscape opens to my view,
 Which doth with herbage rich abound,
 And pleasant gardens close me round ;
 Well-stor'd with flow'rs of various hue,
 The lilly white, and vi'let blue,
 Carnations, pinks, and daisies vie,
 Which most to charm the wond'ring eye.
 Here birds of various note and plume,
 Salute the ear, where'er you come ;
 The mellow fruit the branches load,
 And all in nature praises God ;
 No bustling noise, nor dire contest,
 Have access here to break my rest,
 My Muse and wheel my time beguile,
 And ev'ry face does on me smile.
 This calm retreat's for me prepar'd
 By my unerring skilful guard,
 Who richly does my wants supply,
 And keeps me by his watchful eye.

Then why so foolishly pretend
 Him to direct, or try to mend ?
 Whate'er he mars, is wisdom still ;
 Then may my heart no more rebel.

A HAPPY PAIR.

WHILE fordid minds, from love of gain,
 Oft feign a mighty flame,
 'Tis lucre binds the joyless vow,
 Affecting Cupid's name.

But, ah! what baneful fruits must spring
 From such a choice as this?
 They hate possess, instead of love,
 And gold accept for bliss.

What diff'rent motives mov'd the pair,
 Which now I make my theme!
 Would but the Muse assist, I'd strive
 To immortalise their name.

Of little else than love possess'd,
 They join'd their plighted hands,
 And ever since they gladly move
 In Hymen's pleasant bands.

Faithful as turtle to its mate,
 No change whate'er they know,
 Their love does daily still increase,—
 Does ever firmer grow.

A num'rous offspring round them play,
 And claim parental care;
 They waken ev'ry tender tye,
 Which mutually they share.

Two daughters, virtuous and fair,
 Grown up to grace the board,
 And cheer their mother's lonely hours,
 In absence of her lord.

With depth of solid judgement blest'd,
 And penetration keen,
 With female gentleness combin'd,
 And sentiments sublime.

Possess'd of all that earth can give,
 Heav'n's bounty on them flows;
 And is there then no cause of grief,
 No painful tale of woes?

Ah! yes, no child that's sprung from Eve
 Shall be exempt from ill;
 Two tender babes torn from her breast
 By Death's relentless will.

But small's the cause for these to mourn,
 Snatch'd from the ill to come,
 Hope says, "They're now array'd in white,
 And praise before the throne."

But, ah! three pleasant, blooming youths,
 Expos'd to hostile rage;
 May Heav'n disperse their cruel foes,
 And on their side engage.

Methinks I feel a mother's heart
 Beat hard with anxious care,
 And ev'n amidst these prosp'rous scenes,
 Oft drop a tender tear.

Let past experience hope confirm,
 One can the laurel claim;
 Perhaps when glory calls the rest,
 Conqu'ring they'll bear the palm.

ON

SUBMISSION TO AFFLICTION.

A ARON thy servant held his peace *,
 Assisted by thy grace ;
 So teach us on thy hand to lie
 In ev'ry trying case.

So may thy handmaid wait thy will,
 In her affliction fore ;
 Ah ! let her anxious thoughts be still,
 Nor dare to murmur more.

Thy pow'r, Lord, did thy servant keep
 In that most awful hour,
 Ev'n when thy dreadful judgements did
 His children dear devour.

Then why, my friend, should you complain ?
 Perhaps your child shall live,
 Yea, for his health restor'd again
 You yet may praises give.

But should the Lord call for his soul,
 No judgement marks the rod,
 He pulls his flow'rs when he thinks fit,
 He's of all wisdom God.

The days of man appointed are
 By his supreme decree,
 And none can stay his pow'rful hand,
 Or say, What doeth he ?

Nor need we doubt his tender love.
 Or deep unerring skill,
 For over all his other works
 His tender mercy's still.

B b 3

* Levit. x. 3.

Then to his sov'reign will submit,
 He knows your ev'ry sigh ;
 And though you oft perceive him not,
 The Lord is ever nigh.

O let your will in his be lost,
 You then shall happy be ;
 In great Jehovah make your boast,
 And then an end you'll see.

'Tis not for nought the Lord afflicts,
 He chastens not in vain,
 And when the rod has done its work,
 He'll heal your ev'ry pain.

Oh ! think of Job, with grief oppress'd,
 Deserted and forlorn,—
 " Naked came I unto this earth,
 And naked I'll return."

Oh ! think on God's eternal Son,
 The Sov'reign of the sky,
 Poorer than either birds or beasts,
 He knew not where to lie.

Oh ! in the garden see him sweat,
 And hear his heavy plaint,
 " O might this cup but pass from me,
 Because my soul is faint ?

Yet not my will, but thine be done,
 Father, so let it be ;
 For for this cause I came to earth,
 And this sad hour did see."

Ah ! see his lovely gracious face,
 With spitting base besmear'd ;
 Think with what lamb-like patience he
 Their cruel scoffing heard.

It was our sin, thou lowly Lamb,
 Thy graceful temples crown'd;
 Our sins, Lord, nail'd thee to the tree,
 And did thee so confound.

ON SPRING.

STERN Winter's gone, his icy hand
 No more can seal the ground,
 And Spring, with sweet refreshing show'rs,
 Diffuses blessings round.

Fair Flora now her mantle spreads
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 The verdant landscape full proclaims
 The mighty Former, God.

The pretty silver fishes play
 In ev'ry purling rill,
 The meads, with flow'rs of various kinds,
 Display his wond'rous skill.

The harmless lambkins skip and dance,
 And bask in Phœbus' rays;
 The feather'd songsters soar aloft,
 And chant their Maker's praise.

Shall man alone, ungrateful man,
 Refuse to act his part?
 Shall he not in the chorus join
 With chearful, loving heart?

ON THE

DUMFRIES INFIRMARY.

A WAKE, my friend, and come away,
 The ev'ning's fresh and fine,
 We'll spend an hour, and take a turn
 Along yon pleasant green.
 We'll mark the river how it glides
 So silently along;
 The soaring lark salutes the ear,
 And cheers us with its song.
 Yon stately mansion we'll survey,
 Rais'd on yon rising ground,
 Where sickness sore obtains relief,—
 Strangers a home have found.
 Here Esculapius' gen'rous sons
 Display their healing art;
 The gloomy thoughts are peaceful made,
 And joy o'erflows the heart.
 Here pain acute has found relief,
 Rheumatic gout, and stone,
 Ev'n dislocations are restor'd,
 The spine and broken bone.
 Here raging madness feels their force,
 And peace serene ensues,
 With health the meagre cheeks are flush'd,
 And fearful hearts rejoice.
 Success attend the hands that rear'd
 These hospitable walls;
 Let ev'ry gen'rous heart be bless'd,
 That hears its needful calls.

But, ah ! my heart recalls to view
 These dark abodes of woe,
 Where nought but wild despair is heard,
 Eyes rolling to and fro.

The dread disorder rooted deep
 Oft baffles human skill ;
 Ev'n after all that can be done,
 The plague continues still.

Here poor Maria shed her tears,
 And Annie wept in vain !
 Here blooming Marg'ret hapless sigh'd,
 And clink'd her heavy chain !

TO MISS J—— G——.

HEB. ix. 27.

It is appointed for men once to die.

OH ! is th'irrevocable sentence past ?
 And can no weighty argument prevail
 To change the firm decree ? Must all still yield
 To Death's devouring pow'r, nor know the way
 Or time the tyrant may approach, and seize
 His destin'd prey ? And bears he no respect
 To age or sex ? Can none escape ? Can he,
 Without remorse, the strongest ties break through,
 Though nature, art, and fondest love should join,
 His course to stop ?—No pity feels his heart,
 No bar obstructs his way ; in vain we wage,
 His inroads to oppose, th' unequal war :
 Yet from this warfare none can claim discharge,
 But soon or late the brave, without relief,
 Must yield ; nor can the coward fly : We all
 The victims of his rage must fall, and pay

The lawful debt which Death of Life demands.--
Ah! gloomy thought, and fraught with double
pow'r!

And must the gay, the active, sprightly form,
A ghastly corpse become? The strongest arm,
And firmest nerve, by death unstrung, laid low,
Must moulder in the dust. And can the boast
Of strength, of courage, valour, nought avail?
Must also then the gentle, timid, fair,
To sister worms consigned a prey forgot,
Neglected lie, nor ever more behold
The chearful face of day? Yes,—all must die:
From death there's no reprieve. His awful sway
Is universal; all that breathe must yield.

Yet, 'midst this sullen gloom, I inward feel
A cheering hope,—a cheering ray breaks through
Th' accumulated mafs of dark'ning clouds;—
From dark'ning vapours purg'd, the sky will clear;
For Jesus died, and conquer'd, by his death,
That awful pow'r that lays the mighty low,
Nor spares the gay, the feeble, or the fair.
His presence did the hollow tomb perfume,—
Its darkest gloom dispell'd. He op'd the gate,
That through the darksome vale conducts to bliss.

Then cease to grieve, though solitary made,
Nor longer mourn for Henrietta's fate;
Though here no more, you yet have cause to hope,
Her long affliction sure was not in vain:
Reflect on her last hour,—rejoice in hope;
Her soul, exulting in life's closing scene,
By faith rely'd on Jesus' saving pow'r,
And, on the Saviour resting, took its flight,
On wings of love, and left this vale of woe.

But does the parting struggle haunt your mind,
Your brooding thoughts still hover round the bed,
Where late she painful drew her parting breath?
Perhaps, still too officious for your peace,

Imagination to your view presents
 The ever silent, anxious, mournful throng,
 A mother, sister, husband, all in tears.
 Perhaps the little artless innocents,
 Unconscious of their loss, and lisping out,
 Thoughtless, a mother's name, attract your ear,
 And call fresh sorrows forth,—make tears again
 Incessant flow ! Yes, let them freely flow,
 For tears of pity calm the troubled soul ;—
 And you have cause to weep,—a weighty cause ;
 Yet weep with caution too, since you may err,—
 Though safe to mourn, to murmur is a crime.
 Let heav'n-born Reason now her place resume,
 And call Religion in to your relief ;
 Her wholesome counsel will assuage your grief,
 And gently calm the tumult in your breast.
 But doth your painful, anxious, throbbing heart,
 So lately torn by doubly-parting pang,
 Refuse her aid ?—The stroke was sure severe,
 Call'd thus to wail a sister's early fate,
 Ere yet those tears were dry, that lately flow'd
 So freely for a brother's loss :—But trust,
 O trust, Almighty Grace, for surely all
 Is wisely done : with him of old, attempt
 To bless ; for He alone that freely lent
 To you so great a gift, resumes his own :—
 His bounty grants each blessing we enjoy,
 And these to quit, ungrateful, we repine !

CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

ADVENT'ROUS Muse ! 'tis time to breathe,
 Thy race is surely run ;
 'Tis vain thyself now to conceal,
 Or censure seek to shun.

How will the haughty critic sneer,
 And scorn thy homely phrase?
 How durst thou grate the poet's ear
 With rude unpleasant lays?

How durst thou murmuring thus chide,
 'Transgress sage Wisdom's rule?
 Who live at ease will thee deride,
 And take thee for a fool.

Censures severer far than these
 Thou must encounter yet,
 The Pharisee will thee despise,
 And scout the hypocrite.

Some minds, though weak, yet most sincere,
 With high blame will thee charge,
 And tell thee rather to revere
 Than soil the sacred page.

But haply some poor soul, distress'd,
 Toss'd on temptation's sea,
 May chance to read, and deign to shed
 The feeling tear o'er thee.

Such will thy language well perceive,—
 Favour to thee extend;
 Thy failings all they will forgive,
 And kindly thee commend.

Perhaps some, in desponding case,
 Block'd up by fell Despair,
 May courage take from thy release,
 And trust Jehovah's care.

If so, the wish'd-for point is gain'd,
 My labour is not lost,
 Calmly each scoff shall be sustain'd,
 That on me may be tost.

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